



FAIRPLAY
FAMOUS
MONSTERS
#56
JULY

FAIRPLAY
FAMOUS

MONSTERS

OF FILMLAND

**2 IN 1
ISSUE!**
ALL ABOUT
**BORIS
KARLOFF**
HIS LIFE IN
PICTURES
COMMENTS ON
HIS DEATH BY
**CHRIS
LEE**
**PETER
LORRE**
**ELSA
LANCHESTER**
**FORREST
ACKERMAN**
**VINCENT
PRICE**
LON CHANEY

PLUS

"FRANKENSTEIN" COMPLETE WITH
RARE PICTURES!!





BORIS KARLOFF: Born November 23, 1887. Died February 2, 1969. In between became a living legend and household name. Made 150 films and millions of fans. This was his final, favorite portrait picture, so inscribed by him to the man who took it, our staff photographer, Walter J. Dougherty.

THE KING



IS GONE

Karloff Called to Death's Domain

THE GREATER WORLD grieves and draws closer together in a time of tragedy: the loss of a Kennedy, of Martin Luther King. So we in the special world of Fantasy share our sorrow and try to comfort one another with words as we think of the deeds of our departed Hero and mourn his passing.

This has been a rare, strange time for me. All day, the first day, the phone rang: an FM fan called me all the way from Wisconsin; I talked to Robert Bloch, George Pal, Ray Bradbury; cabled Christopher Lee. In the ensuing days the deluge of mail came, till tears trickled from my mailbox.

There is something I can't explain to myself. When Lon Chaney died in 1930, I was 14 years old and had seen all of his pictures since I was 7: HUNCHBACK, PHANTOM, LONDON, MONSTER, UNHOLY, etc. He was my boyhood favorite yet for some weird reason I have no memory of his death, of having been shocked to read

about it in the papers or hear about it over the radio. (Of course we had no TV yet).

But with Boris Karloff—I The loss is heartfelt and acute and multiplied manifold times by my sense of participation with you all in a common heartache.

There was no *Filmmaster* magazine when Chaney died, something his fans and friends could turn to for a memorial. We are blessed that FM exists so that we can turn this entire issue over to a tribute to Boris Karloff. And this is not the end of Boris Karloff in our pages: there will be more—much more—about him in our next issue. And beyond.

He gave us 50 years of his life and 155 pictures. We can no longer say, "O King, live forever." Instead, will you join me in your heart and beam this thought into the great beyond: O King, love—forever!

FORREST J. ACKERMAN



MRS. BORIS KARLOFF

THIS ISSUE dedicated with gratitude to the only person to whom it could possibly be dedicated, the dear widow of our departed hero—MRS. BORIS KARLOFF—who was his steadfast companion in the twilight of his life and with him at its end. As many copies of this Memorial Issue as you may want are yours for the asking, EVELYN KARLOFF. Celia Lovsky Lorne, who knew and loved your husband, has frequently told us how much the issue meant to her that was dedicated to the memory of Peter Lorre after his death. We have done our best to honor the name of the man who came to fame in our field nearly 40 years ago and we are sure will not be forgotten during the lifetime of anyone presently reading these words . . . which we hope will serve to remind you and Mr. Karloff's daughter and nearest relatives and dearest friends during the remainder of your lives . . . will serve to remind you that you were close to a man who was Santa Claus' only serious rival for the affection of young & old alike. God keep you, Mrs. Karloff.

A TOUCHING TRIBUTE

A hazy, odd and whirling day
That clothes the wind-swept world
in gray.
This a day for the children of Poe
And for those who dreamt of long ago
On this day has died a long
Who wore no crown or royal ring.
Who ruled no kingdom, had no
comrades!
Except the power of a gentle hand,
No matter how frightful his disguise,
A love for children alone thru his
soft eyes.
And in return they called him King—
"King of Monsters"—but no siring
Did that title strange contain.
Only honor for his reign.
The reign is over; the King is gone;

But from the past his works live on;
Masterpieces do not die—
In them he'll ever be nearby.
And in the night, above the towns,
A full moon shines on English down.
—Mary Ellen Regenbogen

* Thank you, Mary Ellen. We think this will touch a common chord in all our readers.

HER LOVE LIVES ON



Devoted Karloff Fan Sheri McAdams

THE IMMORTAL FRANKENSTEIN

Mr. Karloff has not died alone for a part of every fan who loved him dearly, as I did, died with him. A part of him will go on living forever in every fan, and in each person who will ever see FRANKENSTEIN on the late late show.

SHERI MCADAMS
Riverside, Calif.

DETAILED DISCUSSION OF "THE DEATH"

I have some real bad news for you: BORIS KARLOFF died Sunday, Feb. 2, in a hospital near London, England. I am really shocked to hear about Mr. Karloff's death. Another era has ended. Karloff was another one of Hollywood's most beloved, respected actors. His death marks the end of a very fine career in the entertainment world. He was 83 years of age when he passed away. Boris Karloff is now passed on from us; he has now joined LON CHANEY SR., BELA LUGOSI, PETER LORRE, SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE, CHAS. LAUGHTON, CLAUDE RAINS, BASIL RATHBONE and many many others who have (whether performer or a non-performer) contributed during their lifetime to the fantasy world.

BARTON MACLANE, a character actor, died Jan. 3, 1969, at the age of 66 years. He played in 2 horror films, THE

CRY OF THE WEREWOLF and THE MUMMY'S GHOST.

I am really heartbroken to hear about BORIS KARLOFF's death. Of all the monstars, I think he was the best in his entire career as a fine actors. He



By Ralph Moccia

was a decent, sincere, considerate, kind, sympathetic, gentle man who had a love for his profession. I certainly hope you give this gentle man a real good obituary, 'cause he deserves one.

Please number all of the films BORIS KARLOFF starred and appeared in, from the first film to his last film, and put down the film studios and the correct years they were all made.

We've done our best but are aware of one tiny mistake so far that can be corrected right within this issue. In the 1940 film BLACK FRIDAY his name was not Dr. Seward but Dr. Sove. We probably don't have to ASK readers to point out any further errors to us but we will anyway, and most especially we would appreciate any additional information on possibly overlooked Karloff films. Even as we wrote the foregoing words we discovered one more omission in our Checklist: THE DAY DREAMER, Embassy Pictures, 1958, in which he was the voice that menaced Thornberians. What can anyone tell us about a purported Karloff film, THE MYSTERY OF WENTWORTH CASTLE? British title of an American film?

What a nuisance!—over hindsight the letter we were copying has somehow got misplaced just when we meant to give its author's name & city. So late is putting this issue together now, don't have time to stop and search for it. Sorry about that! Maybe it'll turn up before the Fang Mail dept. is finished, in which case we'll be sure to tell you his name.

HIS HEART'S IN THE RIGHT PLACE

I was greatly shocked to learn this morning at 7 of Boris Karloff's death. I would like to ask of you a favor. Please forward this card of sympathy to Mrs. Karloff immediately. (Gladly.)

PAUL HASSE
Dallas, Tex.



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FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND

INCORPORATING MONSTER WORLD

JAMES WARREN
founder & publisher

FORREST J. ACKERMAN
editor-in-chief

NO. 56 JULY 1969

BRILL & WALDSTEIN
art direction

RICHARD CONWAY
managing editor

WALTER DAUGHERTY special photography



OUR COVER:
Boris Karloff The Great
Popular Favorite!
His Interpretation
of the Star of the
#1 Karloff Film.

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YOU CAN DEPEND ON "PHOTDN"

(PHOTDN is an amateur magazine—"a film fan's fanzine"—that for a number of years has been "devoted to the serious study of science fiction, horror & fantasy motion pictures." Its editor writes the following.)

It is a time of great sadness for me, home of fans & non-fans alike. The King is dead.

I have been working hard on my new issue, trying to get it out by early March. May the passing of Karloff, I feel that it would not be complete without a tribut to him from you, the editor of FM. Would you, perhaps, write a small tribut to Karloff for PHOTDN. (Sorry, absolutely not—only a **LARGE** tribute to one so worthy.)

Boris Karloff shall not die.

MARK FRANK
801 Ave. C
Brooklyn, N.Y. 11238

* We give you Mark's complete address so you can do yourself a favor and get his Karloff Memorial issue of PHOTDN. Just send 60¢ for your postpaid copy, an issue we're sure you'll treasure always.

WORDS OF WISDOM

I write this letter a little sadly but not with a tragic sadness. I feel we should all grieve Mr. Karloff (dead loving appreciation for him) as a great man who lived happily and died with much accomplished. Few people could ask for more.

GREG BEAR
San Diego, Calif.

FM has always been like a part of my life. I have been interested in motion pictures ever since I was a child and then a participant of **FAMOUS MONSTERS** made horror my main "diet".

My only wish is that Hollywood wakes up soon to the fact that the reason horror films aren't at their millenium is because of such overused material. There is so much yet to be filmed. I get sick of looking at new horror films, always hoping for something fresh. So all I have in my own films was the late movies on TV.

I hope FM never has to stop publicaions, for any reason. As LIFE magazine is to news & events, **FAMOUS MONSTERS** is to horror movies.

RICHARD HADDARD
Huntington, N.Y.

* Thank you. There's life in the 56-year-old "boy" yet. We hope even those who usually have some adverse criticism to express about FM will have some appreciation of this issue. And the next—for that matter, for with the conclusion of the Filmbook of **FRANKENSTEIN** and further features about Karloff, the Memorial will really be in two parts.

A FAMOUS FIRST

I'm proud to announce that I was the first person to check "An Illustrated History of the Horror Film" out of the Richmond Public Library! And, also I didn't agree with the author's opinion of **NOSEFRATU** (the first movie version of **DRACULA**), I found it an interesting, well-written, enjoyable book.

CONRAD WATSON
Richmond, Calif.

WANTED! More Readers Like



DUANE JEPSEN

"HE LIVED WELL & DIED LOVED"

Mr. Karloff isn't with us any more and that's a loss it will be hard to face up to and realize for a while. But in a way he's still here.

My initial reaction on hearing the sad news was to scribble a few lines hastily, to put my thoughts down.

He lived well & died loved, and in that sense he will never die. A more full life would be far, a greater dignity & charm even rarer. As he has entertained generations more, it may be said that Boris Karloff, the man is dead—but Boris Karloff, the artist, the image, the loved & loving soul—he is immortal.

"The Master will never die"—and in its broad sense, that still applies.

Some tribute should be made to the Monster Men who loved children but tributes in his case aren't essential. He was his own tribute and his own monument.

Nevertheless...

G. REGINALD URSD
La Jolla, Calif.

"RIGHT NOW, SOMEWHERE IN HEAVEN"...

We weren't around in 1930 when Chaney Sr. passed away but it couldn't have been a sadder day than when the world awoke to the news that King Karloff had died. Our phone began ringing at 8:30 in the a.m. when a friend phoned from Brooklyn to tell us the news. We had just been talking to an English friend of ours currently living here about Mr. Karloff. The fellow had an uneasy feeling that Boris would soon be passing from our midsts and he wanted to write him as soon as possible before it was too late.



Boris Karloff in 1939

One of the proudest moments of our collecting career came 2 years ago when in answer to a mammoth letter Mr. Karloff was kind enough to personally sign some of our titles. They mean a lot to us now. What we're happy about is the obvious fact that he did lead such a full, rewarding life right up to the end. It wasn't a case like Lugosi who died a tragic figure, penniless, ravaged and for gotten. The same applied to Sir Cedric but with King Boris it was as he always wished that it would be. He received front page stories across the country, including the **New York Times**—the ultimate respect. (Sadly, tho, the Times chose to run a photo of Glenn Strange in one of the four mistakes in their obituary.) Cronkite, David Brinkley among others had things to say about him. Brinkley recounted a story told to him by a friend, that when Karloff finally entered the pearly gates they might not recognize him if he weren't garbed as Shelley's Frankenstein creation. The coverage & reverence paid him were befitting his deservedly legendary status in this world. Right now, somewhere in heaven, Boris is renewing acquaintances with Bela, Lionel, Basil, Edward Van Sloan and all of the other friends who passed on earlier.

Our great concern now is that Mrs. Karloff won't be neglected in future years by lunatics who want stupid things like the pillow he slept on or the Frankenstein head bolts. We can't think of anything more cruel or thoughtless than such a practice. She deserves her privacy and a much needed rest.

STEVE & ERIN VERTLIES
Philadelphia, Pa.

* We are proud to number such considerate fans among our constant readers.

WANTED! More Readers Like



JANET ANN GARNETT

KARLOFF MYSTERY (SOLVED)

I recently came across a fact concerning Karloff's career that I have never seen in your magazines and I wondered if you knew about it. The fact is that Karloff appeared in the 1939 Universal serial **THE PHANTOM CREEPS**, which starred Bela Lugosi. I saw a feature version of the serial just 2 days before Karloff's death. He is not given billing and appears as a double for Lugosi in a scene where Lugosi is supposed to be lowered into a volcano to get a meteorite. Karloff is wearing a helmet and only his eyes are visible but those eyes are Karloff's!

CONTRIBUTIONS submitted for publication should include Name & Address on each Letter & Drawing. The editor would LIKE to hear from YOU and to see a PHOTO of each writer (please PRINT your name on back of picture). Write to:

Fang Mail Dept.
FAMOUS MONSTERS
22 East 42nd St.
New York, NY 10017

LON CHANEY says of BORIS KARLOFF

They wanted me to go on television and talk about him but I had to turn them down because, to be honest with you, I didn't know him that well. And—you all know me—I'm not the gushy type. Just let me say that it was a pleasure to work with him—say back in '45 when we made *HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN* together, and in '52 in *THE BLACK CASTLE*—and some years later when we did that Route 66 stunt when I played my Dad's role of the Hunchback and Karloff was his own best creation, the Frankenstein monster. I was glad to get the chance to carry on his role in *GHOST OF FRANKENSTEIN*, and like everybody else in show business, I guess we knew his death was to be expected, all the same it's sure hard to think of an actor like him gone after all the years he was active on the screen. He and I both got an award from the Dracula Society, and to all its members and the readers of this magazine, who I know will miss him most of all, let me say I'm sure it was a blessing to have so many people care about him at his age.

Rest in Peace, Boris Karloff.



KARLOFF & CHANEY in *HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN*, Universal 1945.



LORRE & KARLOFF in *YOU'LL FIND OUT*, RKO 1940.

GEORGE PAL

His death really hit me hard even though I had never met him. He was the kind of person you instinctively wanted to meet. I wish I could have used him in one of my films. God bless him.

And God bless you, George. The best use to which you could put the Time Machine that H. G. Wells loaned you. I feel at this time, would be to go back 40 years and bring us a young Boris Karloff to make more pictures for us till 2009, when it would be time for another resuscite. He was the king we all really wanted to live forever . . . FJA

PETER LORRE'S WIDOW

Celia Lovsky, told us the following over the phone: "He was a wonderful man.

"I did the last Playhouse 90 with him, the hour and a half long television show written by Rod Serling called 'In the Presence of Mine Enemy'.

"Peter knew him, of course. They did 'You'll Find Out' and 'The Boogey Man Will Get You' together, and toward the end of Peter's life, those two comedies that they enjoyed doing so much: 'The Raven' and 'The Comedy of Terrors'.

"You can't imagine what a fine gentleman he was. Peter liked him immensely."

Celia Lovsky

(Miss Lovsky played the beautiful eel-eared dictatrix of Spock's planet in the *Star Trek* episode known as "Amok Time"; Lon Chaney Sr.'s mother in *THE MAN OF A THOUSAND FACES* had a cameo role in Geo. Pal's most recent science fiction film, *THE POWER*; and once played Alraune Mandragore, the soulless female Frankenstein, on the stage in Germany.)

FRITZ "M" LANG

I regret I didn't meet him 'till the last year of his life. It was at dinner at Robert Bloch's. Forry Ackerman was there. He can tell you I liked Karloff immensely.



KARLOFF IN THE MAGIC CASTLE

**an evening with
frankenstein**
and his friends

horrorwood, karloffornia

King Boris the Benign of Great Britain last April flew 6000 miles in a magic jetodactyl, in the body of a huge mechanical thunderbird with bones of steel and wings of fire. He came to participate in a reception in his honor given by loyal subjects of his far distant exotic kingdom of Hahliwad.

In a supersecret appearance known beforehand only to a select few, the King (affectionately referred to by his civilian title of "Mr.



KARLOFF & Dr. Ackels. FM's editor wrote the narration for the horror-hit record, *An Evening with Boris Karloff and His Friends*.

Frankenstein") was given what was later reported around the world as "his first major press party in 40 years."

The party took place on the premises of the world famous Magic Castle, up the hill behind the equally fabulous Gruman's Chinese Theater where King Kong (in person) once ruled the forecourt in 1933.

Later that evening, as the hour grew close to midnight, millions of Californians learned that the legendary King of Karloffornia had been in their midst. They learned this when their television sets temporarily became terrovisions, for 4½ minutes of an absorbing interview with the elder statesman of fright films. The newsworthy meeting with Mr. Monster had been filmed several hours earlier.

Scant blocks away on Hollywood Blvd., had passersby known that around 7 p.m. Boris Karloff was just up the hill in the "haunted" house, the inside crowd, consisting primarily of 50 local, national & international reporters, would more

than likely have swelled to smothering proportions.

Among the celebrities present I noted Don (Mask Maker) Post, Robert (Deadly Bees) Bloch, Donald (Dracula Society President) Reed, Alex (She-Creature) Gordon, Ruth (Atomic Submarine) Gordon, Verne (Men Behind the Masks) Langdon, Mr. Karloff's Agent, Milt (Magic Castle Owner) Larsen—and the Editor of FAMOUS MONSTERS.

FAMOUS MONSTERS was the only horror magazine represented at the press conference and hence we are able to bring you this exclusive interview.

thousand dollar decorations

Decca Records, sponsors of the unique event, had decorated the Castle in colorful, karloffull, expensive style. As one walked thru the entranceway, the eye was immediately arrested by an attractive banner which proclaimed to the world in no uncertain terms that this was a Welcome to *An Evening with Boris Karloff & His Friends*, the title of the King's new hit album, which he thrillingly narrates from a script written by FM's editor. "I turned down a previous script that was offered me," said Karloff, "because it was too flippant, too full of whimsy. The narration I recorded is a straightforward documentary of my life & times in the make-believe world of monsters."

I recognized Langdon & Larsen, who co-sponsored the creation of the record, and stepped up to them, asking "How is the record selling?"

"Tube be or not tube be?" wonders BK as he holds test tube before his scientific gaze in the similes score pic, *THE APE*.





His electrocuted corpse about to be brought back to life in **THE WALKING DEAD**.

"Like hotcakes in Alaska," responded Langdon.

"Like coldcakes in Africa!" echoed Larsen.

And I learned during the course of the evening that they weren't kidding, when Decca's personal representative informed me that Hollywood's largest record shop had completely sold out of the album during its first week, before any publicity had been put out. Such is the magnetic drawing power of Karloff . . . and his friends! (His friends include Bela Lugosi, Lionel Atwill, Colin Clive, Ernest Thesiger, Elsa Lanchester, Edward Van Sloan, Maria Ouspenskaya and Dwight Frye.)

into the inner sanctum

In the lobby was a rare original poster from *SON OF FRANKENSTEIN*. (Firstly affixed to the wall.) There, in bright litho-colors, was Basil Rathbone, poised with syringe in hand; there,

bearded broken-necked Bela as Ygor; and there, inevitably, the Frankenstein monster: Karloff.

I signed the register, noting the many important signatures ahead of mine, and then, as directed by the (g)hostess, spoke to the wise old (carved) red-eyed owl on the door leading to the Inner Sanctum.

"Open, Sesame," said I, in the best tradition of the Arabian Nights.

"Ses hoo!" hooted the owl.

"Sex me!" I repeated.

And a shelf of books creaked open like a secret panel in *THE CAT & THE CANARY* or the rock door in the side of the mountain that led to Murena, *THE PHANTOM EMPIRE*.

As my eyes grew accustomed to the dark interior I observed a roomful of people & posters. Some of the people I didn't recognize; all of the posters I did. The reception room was profusely papered with onesheets, lobbycards & magnificant stills (kind that make collectors drool) from *FRANKENSTEIN*, *BRIDE OF FRANKEN-*



A towering performance in Universal's **TOWER OF LONDON**, 1939.

Radioactive hands of death in **THE INVISIBLE RAT** (UNIV. 1936).



STEIN, THE MUMMY, DRACULA, FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLF MAN, THE BLACK CAT, THE RAVEN, THE WEREWOLF OF LONDON and many other hits starring Karloff and famous cinema companions of old. In fact the room looked more like the prize den of a 10-year-veteran of *FAMOUS MONSTERS* or the offices of *FM* itself in New York.

I wondered at the incredibly decorated walls, and how Decca rated . . .

stop press!

Karloff had not yet arrived at this point so I singled out his agent as a source of information. I had heard rumors that Karloff was in town to make a picture. I assumed it was for AIP. I was astonished to learn otherwise. It seems to have been shot—in great secrecy—on the 20th-Fox lot. A Roger Corman project. And here's what will kill you:

It's called **BEFORE I DIE!** (Not to be confused with **DOOMED TO DIE** which he did for Monogram in 1940 or **BEFORE I HANG** which he made the same year for Columbia.)

And the plot?

You won't believe this!

Like right out of *Forest Lawn*:

"It's about a 78-year-old actor," I found his agent telling me, "who has specialized in horror films all his career. In fact it's almost the biography of Boris!"

Who could ask for anything more?

(However, several weeks after getting the "inside dope" from Karloff's agent, I read a report in the press which was completely different. The news release made it sound as tho the **BEFORE I DIE** were based on the tragic happening in Texas of the deranged student who climbed up on a tower and gunned down so many innocent people. Was the report mistaken or the agent? Only time will tell. In any event, no Karloff fan will want to miss **BEFORE I DIE**.)

the ghoul & alex gordon

I recognized producer Alex Gordon and remembered from the story on him in *FM* how he had been frustrated as a teenager because he was underage, in England, to see Boris Karloff in **THE GHOUL**. By now Karloff had arrived at the Castle and was surrounded by friends, well-wishers, photographers & reporters. As Gordon was just walking away from Karloff's table, I approached him and asked if he'd learned anything interesting he might share with *FM*'s readers.

"For my favorite magazine?" he beamed. "Always glad to oblige. I just talked with Boris and reminded him that I was still searching for a print of **THE GHOUL**. He laughed and said, 'Well, don't search too hard!' I've heard it wasn't one of his favorite films. Nevertheless, I'm determined to see it."



IN THE MAN WITH NINE LIVES. His fans wish he had 100!

"Maybe you should remake it," I offered as a spur-of-the-moment solution.

"You know," Gordon said, "Forry Ackerman suggested the same thing to me! It would be great if I could get Boris to repeat the role. And I'd put Forry in the picture too!"

FJA as Sir Cedric Hardwicke—if Ernest Thesiger??

mystery title identified

FM's Australian correspondent, Chris Collier, had come up thru the mails with a title which had the experts stamped:

BIMI.

Claimed Collier: "BIMI was the name of a Karloff film released in Argentina in 1932 or '33." But it is omitted from all lists of Karloff's film career. I intended to ask the Ultimate Authority himself about the lost picture, but suddenly I found my ears pricking up like Jean Marais' in BEAUTY & THE BEAST, for Alex Gordon was saying:

"Ah, yes—BIMI. That was like when they took the Herman Brix serial, THE NEW ADVENTURES OF TARZAN, and put the chap-

ters together into a complete picture, which was released as TARZAN & THE GREEN GODDESS.

"Or when the BUCK ROGERS serial became ROCKET SHIP, or FLASH GORDON became MARS ATTACKS THE WORLD.

"BIMI?" We hunched forward and cocked an attentive ear, for by now 50 people were crowded into a relatively small space, and the hubbub was deafening.

And the revelation came.

All collectors of Karloff titles, attention: you may now add this information to your files: BIMI was the full length version title of Karloff's early serial with Dorothy Christy & Wm. Miller—

KING OF THE WILD!

old mystery—new mystery

But hardly had one mystery (BIMI) been solved than a new one popped up. I saw Robert Bloch move away from Karloff's circle, his head shaking, a perplexed gaze in his eyes.

"What's up, Bob?" I asked.

Being Bob Bloch, he answered: "A corpse, hanging from a gallows, fresh for Dr. Frankenstein & Fritz." Then he continued: "Seriously,



Who could hold a candle to the King himself when he played in one of his own segments of TV's Thriller?

Im-ho-tep, 3700-years-dead is the dust of Egypt, revived by Universal in 1932.



Karloff just told me something that has me baffled . . ."

"which was?"

"That he was directed by Lionel Barrymore in an MGM picture called THE GREEN GHOST."

"THE GREEN GHOST? I remember a YELLOW TICKET from MGM but he sure wasn't in that, tho I think Barrymore was. He couldn't have been thinking of THE BELLS, could he?"

"No, he said it was the first talking mystery they made at MGM."

"Wasn't that THE UNHOLY NIGHT?"

"I think you're right."

"But where does THE GREEN GHOST come in?"

"That was 1929, in the days of THE BAT, THE CAT & THE CANARY, THE TERROR and all kinds of mystery plays that were being adapted from the stage. THE GHOST TRAIN was another. Maybe THE UNHOLY NIGHT became the final title after Karloff left the picture, and it was called THE GREEN GHOST while he was shooting it."

During his official press interview a short time later Karloff again brought up his appearance in THE GREEN GHOST but nothing was settled at the time about the picture. I am inclined to believe that it was the film I remembered—THE UNHOLY NIGHT—and that Bob Bloch's explanation was correct.

the voices from below

Thru the din of conversation I vaguely began to be aware of "other" voices, oddly different, oddly familiar voices, coming from somewhere else in the Magic Castle.

My ears took me toward the source of the sound: underground. That thunder, electrical crackling, as of a lightning storm or a high-voltage laboratory or both, that distant howling of wolves, bits of dialog such as "I bid you—welcome" . . . "It's moving—it's alive!" . . . "Even a man who is pure in heart . . ." etc.—yes, they were definitely drifting up from the cellar.

Dared I descend?

A sign at the head of the stairs warned that below lay the dungeon of Dracula.

Just then a young couple that I recognized as *FM* readers came bounding up the stairs with flushed faces. "There're monsters down there!" they shouted to me as they took the stairs two at a time. "Frankenstein . . . Dracula . . . the Wolf Man!" But then they laughed as they passed me: "All on record. They're playing Boris Karloff's record downstairs in Dracula's den. You should go and hear it. It's great."

I had one foot downstairs when I heard Verne Langdon call out, "Ladies & Gentlemen, Mr. Karloff is about to conduct his interview," and I hastily joined the members of the press. I was fortunate in finding a seat exactly next to *FM*'s



Karloff pets gorilla behind THE APE bell!

FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND



Karloff and some of his friends. Behind the mask of the familiar looking friend on the left is Manuel Weltman, co-founder of the Count Dracula Society and ghoul-in-residence at the Magic Castle.

editor, who in turn sat directly next to the King himself. On Karloff's other side sat his constant companion, his wife.

As Karloff looked up at his audience, seated in a semi-circle of chairs on an incline, he immediately set the tone of relaxed good humor by joking, "I hope my jury will be as kind as it looks!" Everyone laughed and began asking him questions.

the career of karloff

He started off by telling us how he left England for Canada in 1909. He first got a job as a lumberjack. The next year, while working in a forest chopping down trees, and getting pretty tired of the heaviness & monotony of the work,

he heard of an opening as an actor. "It was in a stock company whose reputation was so bad that no one would work for it," he said. "But I decided I would. I left my ax in the air!"

In 1910 he gained experience as an actor by appearing in 105 new plays in 53 weeks!

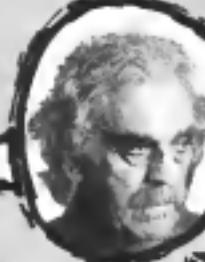
In 1913 he came to the USA for good. "And, indeed, America has been good to me.

"I got my first movie job as a \$5-a-day extra in a film with Doug Fairbanks Sr. That was HIS MAJESTY, THE AMERICAN in 1919."

In answer to a question from the audience about Bela Lugosi—

To be concluded next issue. Read Don't miss what Karloff has to say about BELA LUGOSI . . . LON CHANEY SR. . . . the original FRANKENSTEIN . . . his wife . . . Boris Karloff "JR." . . . etc!

KARLOFF in THE MAGIC CASTLE



BY PAUL LINDEN

PART 2: CONCLUSION

MONSTER'S LATEST HORRORWOOD INTERVIEW

just before intermission

WHAT you may have missed.
OR—to refresh your memory.

Briefly, in issue #46 . . . I told bow in April a London to Los Angeles flight was made by the King of Fright himself. In what was billed as "his first major press party in 40 years," Boris Karloff appeared at the world-famous Magic Castle in Hollywood in conjunction with Decca Records' release of his unique monster album, *An Evening with Boris Karloff & His Friends*.

Learned during the exciting evening were such interesting facts as:

The title of his next picture—BEFORE I DIE.

The title behind the title of a mystery title, BIMI: BIMI was the name of the full length version of Karloff's early serial, KING OF THE WILD.

What he got paid for his first movie job: \$5 a day!



Being made up for his vampiric role as The Wurdalak in *BLACK SABBATH*. (Foto by Gianni Astorino.)

And a new mystery was born: THE GREEN GHOST. Karloff mentioned a couple of times during his visit to the Castle that he appeared in such a picture. But experts such as Alex Gordon, Bob Bloch, even *FM*'s editor, were baffled.

Now go on with the story . . .

about bela—

"Mr. Karloff," a reporter asked, "what could you tell us about Bela Lugosi? Were you good friends?"

"No, we really didn't socialize. You see, our lives, our tastes, were quite different. Ours was simply a professional relationship. But I have warm recollections of him as a fine actor and a great technician. And I'll tell you a story on myself, about Bela:

"It was during the making of *SON OF FRANKENSTEIN*, the 3d & lastime I played the monster." (Purists insist that he played the role 4 times but I was interested to note—and record for posterity—that the Master himself did not refer to his brief resurrection of the Monster on TV in the *Route 66* segment.) "Bela was a big man, and I was supposed to pick him up and carry him. I put one wrist beneath his knees, the other behind his neck—and lifted.

"I hadn't lifted a pound!"

Eyebrows lifted and a gale of laughter rose at this anecdote.

Karloff continued. "I met Lon Chaney Sr. He did all his own make-up, you know—designed & executed it. A fine actor. I think it is dead certainty I wouldn't be sitting here now if Chaney had lived and done *FRANKENSTEIN*.

"I had made *GRAFT* at Universal and James Whale saw me and wanted me to test for the part of the monster. I had no idea of the importance of the role but Jack Pierce knew, he stalled the test 2 weeks while working on the make-up and the make-up sold the part."

Don Post commented from the audience: "It was the most impressive, frightening film to that time."

MRS. monster...and the "son" of frankenstein

All this while a charming quiet blond lady had sat by Mr. Karloff's side; his wife. One of the reporters asked: "How does Mrs. Karloff feel about your fiendish performances?"

Karloff was not embarrassed to admit: "My wife is a woman of great taste—she has seen very very few of my pictures!"

After the laughter died down, he added: "In fact it was only last year that she saw



"Hush, Hush, Sweet Virginia!" says Karloff to Miss Mayo in **THE SECRET LIFE OF WALTER MITTY**.

FRANKENSTEIN for the first time."

The Karloffs are very good friends of the Blochs, and later on Mrs. Karloff remarked to me: "You know, Elly Bloch & I are in the same boat, so to speak—we're both cowards where our husband's films are concerned! That remarkable Mrs. Bloch flies her own airplane—but she's never seen Bob's PSYCHO or any other of his scary pictures. Says she's he frightened to death!"

FM's editor once showed me a photo of a fairly bushy individual, a sort of Victor Buono type, signed "Boris Karloff Jr." or "the son of Karloff"—something like that, I forget exactly what. I had often wondered about it, being aware that Karloff has a daughter but having been unable to track down any evidence that he had a son. I was mulling over in my mind if it would be advisable to ask him this question publicly, wondering if there were some private sorrow attached to the son and the inquiry might prove tactless, when suddenly it popped out of the mouth of someone else.

The answer was quite simple and caused Karloff no pain.

"Ah, yes," he said. "Tony" Karloff. No relation whatsoever. But many years ago this young man wrote and asked permission to use the name, in connection with some mystery stage act he was putting on, I believe, and I

attached no particular value to the name at the time so I gave him permission to go ahead."

belia... "the bells" . . . and frye

One very interesting question was cleared up:

"Mr. Karloff, did you ever see Bela Lugosi do DRACULA?"

And the answer, an affirmative:

"Yes, on the stage."

Another question: "Can you tell us anything about Dwight Frye?"

"Not really. We met when he played the swarf in the first FRANKENSTEIN. I know nothing about his outside life." (He may not have been aware that Frye died in '46.)

Robert Bloch asked: "About your make-up in THE BELLS—"

Karloff anticipated his question. "You mean the Caligari-type make-up," he said. "Ah, yes—that was over 40 years ago . . . 1926, to be precise, I believe. The first make-up they gave me made me look like Svengali, and Lionel Barrymore, the picture's star, said, 'No, that's no good,' and, since I was supposed to be a sinister mesmerist, he went to work transforming me into a kind of Werner Krauss. A marvelous man, a great man, Lionel; so stimulating to work with."



You can't go Wong with Karloff as an Oriental. His most famous Eastern monologue was Fu Manchu but here we bring you a side & front view of him in his lesser-known characterization as Mr. Wong in the "House of Hate" film known as *THE MYSTERY OF MR. WONG*.

looking backward

The week after Karloff's party, this story was released by Associated Press Movie-TV Writer Bob Thomas:

Hollywood, Apr. 12—Last week they gave Boris Karloff a party—the first in his honor during almost a half-century in Hollywood.

The occasion was the release of a Decca album, *An Evening with Boris Karloff & His Friends*, which features scenes from the actor's films including *FRANKENSTEIN*, *BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN* & *SON OF FRANKENSTEIN*.

The site for the party was natural enough: The Magic Castle, a spooky old mansion off Franklin Ave. where magicians meet. It's a club where diners & drinkers are sometimes joined by vampires & monsters, presumably imitated by Magic Castle personnel.

Karloff seemed at home in such surroundings and he responded with his usual good humor. Unlike some stars who resent being typed in their most famous roles, the London-born actor (real name: William Henry Pratt) has always spoken affectionately of the cliff-browed monster he first played in 1931.

"I am a very lucky man," he reflected. "Here I am in my 80th year (he'll reach the mark Nov. 23) and I am still able to earn

my bread & butter at my profession. I am one of that very small family of the human race who happens to thoroughly enjoy his work. If I didn't enjoy it, I wouldn't go on."

Despite a leg brace to aid an arthritic knee, he maintains an active schedule. He & his wife now live in a London flat and a cottage in Hampshire, England, but he comes here twice a year for films. During the past year he also made an *I Spy* in Spain and starred in *THE SORCERORS* in London.

Karloff is now in his 11th year of a *Reader's Digest* radio program which is carried by 400 U.S. stations. He tapes the daily show wherever he goes.

He had a lively run in recent years making borrorpictures for American-International, along with pals Lon Chaney Jr., Basil Rathbone & Peter Lorre—"I miss Peter terribly; he was a delightful man and a truly original actor—there was none like him."

"I'm here to finish up *BEFORE I DIE*, which is a story similar to that campus sniping in Texas," he said. "I also hope to get the script of the next film, which I'm looking forward to. I understand it's a jungle film, and I play a kind of Albert Schweitzer."

Boris Karloff as Albert Schweitzer????

Peter Bogdanovich, 26, wrote BEFORE I DIE to bring "a new dimension to horror." He costars in his own script with Karloff. And, incidentally, the title has been changed to TARGETS.

"TARGETS," says Bogdanovich of his picture, "contrasts two kinds of horror, the kind represented by Boris Karloff and the senseless kind so prevalent today—a man walks into a beauty shop and kills 6 people or climbs a tower and starts sniping away. In the past people were killed usually by strangulation or by a knife. Now a machine does it for you. The horror of modern killing is that you can kill somebody and not get blood on you—not be physically stained."

"With Boris I have tried to exploit his screen character." Basically, Boris plays himself! A 79-year-old character actor, famous for a lifetime of portraying horror parts. (Excuse me—Karloff hates the word. Let us, rather, in deference to the grand old star who has so deftly delineated so many macabre roles, refer to them in the language he prefers, "tales of terror.")

karloff & kevin

Hollywood critic & reporter, Kevin Thomas, recorded this anecdote:

The month long exhibit in honor of the phonograph album "An Evening with Boris Karloff and His Friends" in the principal show window of Hollywood's top record shop at Sunset & Vine. (Courtesy Wullich's Music City.)



The chauffeur-driven limousine pulled up to the drive-in box office. Tuxedo-clad Boris Karloff leaned out the rear window and asked to speak with the manager.

Altho the lights & cameras made clear that he was acting, the patrons of the Reseda Drive-In, long accustomed to seeing him on the screen, were no less startled to find him in such an unlikely setting. Indeed, it was the first time in his life that Boris Karloff had ever been at a drive-in-in person.

And when it came time to complete the climax of TARGETS, inside the crowded outdoor theater he soon took the play away from the movie that was being shown.

a final word from the fine old gentleman

As he concluded his interview at The Magic Castle, Karloff observed:

"My leg in a steel brace . . . operating with only half a lung . . . why, it's a public scandal that I'm still around! But, as long as people want me, I feel an obligation to go on performing. After all, every time I act I provide employment for a fleet of doubles!"

THE END (IS NOT YET)
O KING, LIVE FOREVER!

DURING the 1950s, the greatest honor bestowed upon a famous personality on television would be to bear his name mentioned, look up with a curious glance and hear the familiar voice of Ralph Edwards announce . . .

"THIS IS YOUR LIFE!"

It was an honor reserved for the true giants of public life—the motion picture superstars, the sports heroes, the humanitarians.

That the greatest terror star of them all should receive such tribute on network television just days before his birthday that November night is not surprising. It was, however, a tremendous surprise to the soft-voiced Englishman when Edwards' announcement caused him to look up from his paper work, astonished.

"Boris Karloff . . . This is your life!"

TO those watching the program at home, it may have seemed strange to see such a broad, warm and grateful smile capture the face that three times had been buried upon the blue-gray greasepaint, high forehead and metal clamps of the Frankenstein Monster. Now, every trace of the terrible had vanished. This was Karloff the man, Karloff the feeling human being, receiving the thanks for a score of films he had shared with Chaney in creating.

After being ushered to the CBS studios, Karloff's image filled the television screen in the form of a number of stills from the original Universal FRANKENSTEIN, the film that owed him so much, and to which he owed the same.

Ralph Edwards proceeded in his narration with the biography that is already preserved in the minds of Boris Karloff fans, recounting the master's portrayal of such fantastic creatures as THE MUMMY and THE GHOUL. It would be only repetitions to include a life story here.

Two particular incidents on the program were, however, especially significant and interesting.

First, Karloff was given the two doorknobs from his old Universal dressingroom. Again viewers saw that wide grin; but Karloff didn't let the matter end right there. No, his quick mind

THE NIGHT OUR KING WAS CROWNED



THIS WAS HIS LIFE.

By Victor Morrison

clicking for a possible laugh, the actor placed the two doorknobs at his neck, simulating the tiny electrodes that once protruded from each side.

Doorknobs either side of his neck, however, were still not the real thing. The introduction of another guest from Boris Karloff's past proved even more

memorable. He was the man who, in a sense, helped to create the Frankenstein Monster as much as Henry Frankenstein himself . . . and Im-ho-tep, the living Mummy, and the twisted faced killer Bateman of THE RAVEN.

He was the man with whom Karloff himself worked out the final make-up that was to identify the Monster in FRANKENSTEIN . . .

Jack Pierce

The make-up genius of the talkie era, taken from us in 1968, less than a year before the sorrowful death of the beloved Boris Karloff—he was there to take the place he earned in the Englishman's life.

And while Karloff had already been given the pair of make-believe plugs, now he would receive the real things from Pierce.

The two neck electrodes of the Frankenstein Monster!

NEARLY two decades had passed since the actor had worn them, to renew the electrical energy of the Monster in THE SON OF FRANKENSTEIN.

Boris Karloff's sense of humor was hinted at on his THIS IS YOUR LIFE special when one of the guests related a typical incident of the 1930s. The actor had been invited to a large Hollywood party at which all the guests wore tuxedos. When the master arrived, he was attired like all the others—with one exception. He carried with him a box that looked suspiciously like . . . a tool box! What made the tuxedoed guests stand back in abject astonishment and then laugh was the fact that it actually was a tool box! Karloff then marched straight forward into the kitchen, removed his jacket, sat on the floor, opened the box and proceeded to tinker with the plumbing!

Boris Karloff had been paid the homage he deserved on coast-to-coast TV. It was a birthday present, yet more, for it showed him that to his peers and fans he was more than just a Monster, a Mummy, a Mad Doctor. He was Boris Karloff, and loved primarily, for that simple fact.

And it was Karloff the man that Ralph Edwards addressed with those wondrous words . . .

"Boris Karloff . . . THIS IS YOUR LIFE!"

END



KARLOFF & LEE in CORRIDORS OF BLOOD

CHRISTOPHER LEE

wrote by hand from London:

"We are all terribly distressed—it is a gap in my life and the end of an era in the Cinema. We shall not see him like again . . .

"As I explained in my cable, Evie [Mrs. Karloff] does not want flowers and the funeral is entirely private for family only. She is bearing up wonderfully. "I believe the end was peaceful and indeed it must have seemed a blessing."

Then, the next day:

"As a follow-up to my letter of yesterday:

"I can quite understand how you are feeling—you are one among countless thousands who will mourn the passing of a noble human being.

"He was a master of his craft, who gave pleasure to millions for many years and whose work will serve as an object lesson for years to come to many more.

"I always found him a wise and understanding friend, with a fund of warmth & humor and above all, of indomitable courage & cheerfulness in the face of great physical vulnerability.

"He truly loved his fellow men . . ."

Christopher Lee has played roles originated by Karloff—the Frankenstein monster, the Mummy. For a period he was a next door neighbor to Karloff and his daughter was born on Boris' birthday!



A Ray Jones portrait of the English gentleman. (On the set of THE BLACK ROOM, 1935.)

ROBERT BLOCH reminisces:

The news of Boris Karloff's passing came to me as a great shock. Only a week before, Mrs. Karloff had written to assure me that he was comfortably convalescing. She relayed his request that I accept an award for him at a forthcoming banquet where we were both to be so honored. "We often talk of the last lovely evening we spent at your house," she wrote, "and hope we shall see you here again before too long."

"Here", of course, was the Karloffs' country place, where my wife and I spent a sun-dappled Sunday in July of '68. Although it was by no means their first meeting, my wife persisted in addressing him as "Mr. Karloff" and that always amused him. "Please, my dear—surely you remember my name is Boris," he teased, "Ask your husband"—this with a mock scowl in my direction—"he knows only too much about me."

Mrs. Karloff escorted my wife on a tour of their cozy English cottage and returned to exhibit a photograph to me. "You may know a lot about Boris," she said, "but here's a picture of the monster you've never seen." I gazed upon the delicately sensitive features of a child, whose wide eyes peered wistfully out at me from a Victorian setting across a span of 75 years. We talked, as we often did when we were together, about that long lifetime, so rich in memories. And after luncheon we retired to the terrace, basking in the afternoon's glow and listening to the muted murmur of the river winding past the ground



THE KING & i

**BORIS KARLOFF granted me an interview &
it is my pleasure to share it with you.**

by Forrest J Ackerman

NEXT to Lon Chaney Sr., whom I never met, for years the man in monstrosity that I most wanted to meet was Boris Karloff. It was not enough that I had once seen him briefly backstage after a performance in *ON BORROWED TIME* and acquired his autograph on a copy of the anthology he engineered, "And the Darkness Falls". It was not enough that once in my life I saw Peter Lorre, stood next to Charles Laughton, watched Lon Chaney Jr. act, observed Basil Rathbone on a set, regarded a funeral bed on which

Colin Clive lay dead, called Tor Johnson "friend", have seen Elsa Lanchester & Rod Sterling & Fritz Lang & Brigitte Helm & John Carradine & Fredric March (Dr. Jekyll & Spencer Tracy (Mr. Hyde) in person, been in Vincent Price's home, saw Dwight Frye on the stage in *DRACULA*, and that Bela Lugosi & I were friends while the final curtain was slowly descending on his life.

No, above all else I always wanted to really meet Boris Karloff, to converse with him a short time, to ex-

press my appreciation to him for the pleasure he has given me in the past 30 years.

Jim Nicholson of American International was thoughtful enough to arrange it for me late last year. I was during the filming of *THE RAVEN*. Sam Sherman, our editor, director of *SCREEN THRILLS ILLUSTRATED*, was visiting Hollywood from New York, and I took him along to the studio with me. It was Sam who first spotted Karloff. He suddenly nudged me & said, "There he goes now. Now's your opportunity. You



BK, fja & a familiar book.



An autograph of King Karloff the First.



As the change-of-pace benevolent inventor of **THE NIGHT KEY**. (Universal Pictures, 1937.)



Undergoing make-up ordeal for role in **FRANKENSTEIN**—1931.

can catch him in his dressingroom"

i meet my favorite

I high-tailed it to the cubicle into which Mr Karloff had just vanished. He had just eased himself into a chair when I approached the open door of the attire room and, placing one foot on the first stair & inserting my head part way into the room, I asked, "Would it be alright to come in a moment?"

He was very gracious "Why, yes, of course," he said, his world-famous voice sounding just as it had in **THE BLACK CAT**, **THE INVISIBLE RAY**, **THE MUMMY** and so many others.

I introduced myself as the editor of **FAMOUS MONSTERS**.

"I have a set of your magazines," he replied. This neither flattered nor surprised me as I had visited the set a few days earlier, met him, and left the magazines in a package on a table for him.

"I have enjoyed your pictures for over 30 years," I said. "Since **FRANKENSTEIN**—that was about 1931, wasn't it?"

"Yes," he said, "that was about the beginning of it." I knew that, historically speaking, his statement



Heat & horror take their toll in the burning desert, **THE LOST PATROL**, RKO 1934.

KARLOFF & LUGOSI as MONSTER
& YGOR in CLASSIC PORTRAIT
(Universal Pictures, 1939.)





Character study from **THE DEVIL'S LABORATORY OF DR. RAMBOW**. What?—you don't recognize the title? Ah, yes, that was its German name; perhaps you know it better as **FRANKENSTEIN**—1910.

his wife, sitting comfortably in front of his hearth in his home in England, instead of here on this sound stage, about to climb, unaided a steep flight of stairs, then have to clamber up some rabbit

The scene he was about to shoot was practically the end of the picture. It was just after the grand exposition following the duel of wizards. Dust & debris were still falling out of the air (studio workers studiously pumping vile vapors in his direction). He did the scene where he tried to repair or change a dress for his wife by a wave of his hand; unsuccessful, he bowed his head & said, "I guess I just don't have it any more."

astute observation

A voice at my side spoke. I had been so engrossed in watching Boris Karloff not that for the moment I had half-forgotten the presence of my friend & fellow editor by my side.

"Just don't have it any more" was echoing in my ears when Sam Sherman commended to me under his voice, "Oh yet he does!" And it is indeed true. At 70, Boris Karloff has lost none of his touch, his magic was far from meager. For it is recorded that as early as 1916 (in fact the year I was born) he appeared in a picture, **THE DUMB GIRL OF PORTICI**. . . in 1939 was in the

Doug Fairbanks film **HIS MAJESTY, THE AMERICAN** . . . acted in **Kosmik Films**' 15-part serial **THE HOPE DIAMOND MYSTERY** in 1923 and, the same year, appeared in **THE CAVE GIRL**. . . etc. However, I knew what he meant, that figuratively speaking his career began with his immortal portrayal of the Frankenstein monster, and I did not make a point of questioning his statement.

Just then someone opened the door & called him away momentarily to answer the phone. I took advantage of his temporary absence to soak in the atmosphere, to realize that I was sitting in the dressingroom of Boris Karloff and that in a few minutes he, like his indestructible monster, would return!

the return of karloff

When Mr. Karloff did indeed return, I asked him about **THE BELLS**. "Ah, yes," he replied, "the silent film with Lionel Barrymore. I played a strange physician in it, a practitioner of mesmerism." We might have discussed the picture & other of his early performances but at that moment another individual appeared at his door, a man who turned out to be a mutual friend, producer Alex Gordon. As I recall (and it is too late at 2 o'clock in the morning as I type these words to call a double check at) Alex' brother produced the British Karloff film **CORRIDORS OF BLOOD** that is about to be released in this country. Alex & Boris chatted briefly & then it was time for Mr. Karloff to enact a scene—Roger Corman, was calling for him on the set.

the shock of my life

I HAVE seen Karloff in roles like the original **HAVEN** where he was quite twisted and **THE TOWER OF LONDON** where he had the bandy legs & club foot and in **THE BLACK ROOM** but from his TV appearances as host of **Thriller** I thought of him as standing quite erect, very tall & straight. It was, therefore, a terrific shock to me to observe how truly bent he is in real life. It seemed to me that, walking naturally, he was almost more doubled over, more erablike in his appearance, than I had ever seen him when putting on an act on the screen. At that moment I felt a great compassion for him; in a telepathic world he would have heard in his head a sincerely meant message from me that would have said, "Dear Mr. Karloff, much as I personally love you & want you to live forever & go on acting forever, I wouldn't ask you to go on acting at the age of 70." I wondered why he wasn't 8000 miles away with



Modern RAVEN role.



B.K.—Today.



Ancient RAVEN role.



THE MAN WITH 7 LIVES,
AS THE HAUNTED STRANGLER.



his mesmeric attraction—if anything, I would say after witnessing his performance in *THE RAVEN* that he is more powerful than ever.

last minutes with my master

He autographed my photoplay edition of *FRANKENSTEIN* and let Sam & me pose for pictures with him. Then he sat on a stool, reading some "wild lines", hammering it up, enjoying himself hugely & making me feel that apparently I was wrong in feeling concern about him. Despite his shortness of breath, the arthritis or whatever it is that aches him so cruelly, he obviously was having fun. Unlike Lugosi, that poor old narcotics-guru'd shell of a man in the last years of his life, it is evident that Mr. Karloff does not have to keep going for financial reasons. Like today's elder statesman of singers, Maurice Chevalier, Boris Karloff evidently continues his motion picture & TV career primarily because he loves his work, his fans.

Before flying back over the North Pole to home, he made one more picture now awaiting release: *THE TERROR*, in color. He'll be back later on this year, for further roles with Lorre & Price.

If & when you read the lines of this interview, Mr. William Henry Pratt, I want again to say "thank you." My hat's off to you, my head's in the clouds & my heart's wishing you all the warmest. In these sentiments I'm sure well over a hundred thousand readers of this magazine simultaneously join me.

In thanks we say "O King, live forever!"

END



Character shot, Universal, 1940.
From *ARSENIC & OLD LACE* (stage).



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KARLOFF & PRICE—two friends having fun. THE RAVEN of '63, AIP.

PRAISED by VINCENT PRICE

To me Boris Karloff was not only a great actor but a dear and long time friend. What I admired most about him was his enormous gratitude to the public and movie makers who made it possible for him to have such a long and productive career. He often spoke of it and with great feeling and always with humor. That humor was of course the secret of his charm, humor and genuine concern for his friends.

I worked with him from the beginning of my career, THE TOWER OF LONDON, right up till the end of last year when we did the opening Red Skelton Show together. His amazing fortitude at that time only went to confirm my very deep respect for him as an actor and person. The whole show was devised to allow Boris to play it in a wheelchair but on his first entrance dress rehearsal night he sensed a chill from the audience at seeing him in their mind completely crippled. He set his mind to playing it standing up and on that grueling day of the show he went through every run-through on his feet—he was needless to say wonderful as usual and the audience loved him as did all of us on the show.

One of my favorite movies was with Boris, Peter Lorre and Basil Rathbone, THE COMEDY OF TERRORS. What wonderful fun they all were and how I shall miss them all. All of them were highly intelligent, extremely kind and vastly amusing men. None of them felt other but privileged to have had a faithful public for so many years.

I am proud to have worked with all of them and to have counted them among my closest friends.

Editor's Note: This handwritten letter (two pages) was sent by Vincent Price from New York to our Hollywood office. We at FM have long known him to be a fine, sincere, cooperative gentleman; this act of kindness only adds to our respect for him as a human being.

THE DRACULA SOCIETY'S PRESIDENT TELL US:

Just a few days before his death I received the following letter from Boris Karloff:

"Jan. 17. Dear Mr. Reed:

"I am more than proud that your Society has voted me a special Mrs. Ann Radcliffe Award.

"Unhappily I will not be in Hollywood at the time but I would be more than happy if you could persuade my friend Mr. Robert Bloch, whom I am happy to see is also receiving an award, to accept on my behalf. I am writing Mr. Bloch by this same mail to ask him if he will be kind enough to do this for me."

Our 7th Annual Awards Dinner will take place on April 19th but among the 250 chairs in the Hollywood Room of the Knickerbocker Hotel will be an empty chair reserved in memory of the King of Horror Films, Mr. Boris Karloff, who in spirit will always be with us.

Prof. Donald A. Reed

OUR "MEAL WITH A MONSTER" INTERVIEWER COMMENTS:

Karloff is dead. An era ends . . . Shocked by the sad news, yet expecting it, I asked myself: what can be done to preserve his memory. Many things, of course. Books, articles, essays, photo stories . . . but NOW what can be done? No one will ever replace him. He reigned supreme in his genre.

The king is dead. I count myself lucky to have known him—even for an afternoon!

William F. Nolan

THE KARLOFF FILMS



1919

His Majesty, the American (Mexican bandit) UA.
The Prince and Betty (1st part) Pathé

1920

The Deadlier Sex (Fr. -Canadian trapper) Pathé.
The Courage of芒芒 O'Donnell (Can. trapper) V.
The Last of the Mochees (Ind. film) AF

1921

Without Benefit of Clergy (Ahmed Khan's) P.
Hegu Diamond Mystery (w. L. high priest) serial
Cheetah Hearts (Mexican bandit) Universal

1922

Cave Girl (half-breed kidnapper) First Nat'l.
Man from Downing Street (Mackay) V. Wrigley
The Idol (Egypt ruler) First National
The Asian Slave (Hugo) Universal
Omar the Tentmaker (a caliph) Universal

1923

A Woman Conquered (French-Candide) First Nat'l.
The Prisoner (bill part) Universal

1924

Dynamite Sam (Nothman/Tony Garcia) Sonset

1925

Parasite Nights (seafarer/Patrolman apache) FBO
Forbidden Goods (adp.'s minx) FBO
Prisoner Why (Mex. toll-taker) Metro-Goldwyn
Lady Robin Hood (virgin) FBO
Never Be Twaas Shall Meet (So. Seas w/L. MO)

1926

The Greater Glory (1st part) First Nat'l.
Her Honor, the Governor (comical) FBO
The Belts (Cat-giver/kidnapper) Chadwick
Eagle of the Sea (seafarer) Paramount
Old Ironsides (pirate) Paramount
Frames (Blacky (Bentle) Assoc. Exhibitors
The Golden Web (lesser virgin) Cohan
Priming Fury (small part) FBO
Man in the Saddle (small part) Universal
The Nickel-Hopper ("big (black)") Pathé

1927

Tarzan and the Golden Lion (iron or chief) FBO
Let It Rain (small part) Paramount
The Middle of Strange (virgin) Pathé
Phantom Brother (virgin) Pathé
Soft Custard (virgin) Paramount
Two Arabian Knights (sheik) United Artists

1928

The Love Mat (small part) First National
Beneath the Wood (villain) Universal
Vultures of the Sea (?) Mascot serial

1929

Little Wild Girl (Fr. -Can. villain) Thanh
The Fatal Warning (virgin) Mascot serial
The Devil's Chancery (small part) Rayart
Phantom of the North (Fr. -Can. w/L.) Bithome
Two Sisters (villain) Rayart
The Bitter Truth (Hindi serial) MGM
The Green Ghost (alternate title of above)
King of the Kongo (Keanne's dad) Mascot serial
Behind That Curtain (mystery suspect) Fox

1930

The Bad One (prison guard) U.A.-Scheck
The Sea Bat (half-breed villain) MGM
The White Cat (bandit) Trilby
Mother's Cry (murder victim) Warners

1931

King of the Wild (sheik) Mascot serial
The Crimson Code (prison trustee) Colgate &
Cracked Nuts (revolutionary) RKO
Young Doctor's Kid (scarface Colby Joe) RKO
Smart Money (Sport Williams' gambler) Warners
The Public Defender (crook) RKO
I Like Your Name (sheik) Warners
Five Star Final (ad. -ex-prisoner) Warners
The Man Genius (influenza sufferer) Warners
The Yellow Ticket (sheik) Fox
The Gassy Generation (beer baba) Columbia
Gang (Terry's murderer) Universal
FRANKENSTEIN (THE MONSTER) Universal
Tighten or Never (sheik) United Artists
Business and Pleasure (sheik) Fox

1932

Aliens the Doctor (autopsy surgeon) Warners
Scarface (mobster) United Artists
The Colossus & Kelly's in Hollywood (sheik) U.S.
The Miracle Man (Kokko's com. man) Paramount
Behind the Mask (Kokko's doctor) Columbia
The Man (in-o-top) (Kokko) MGM
The Old Oak House (mule scared butler) U.S.
Night World (night club owner) Universal
The Mask of Fu Manchu (Fu Manchu) MGM

1933

The Sheik (Prod. Robert/Invent. Sheik) GA

1934

The House of Rothschild (Baron Eckersberg) U.S.
The Lost Patrol (Sentries/Army, fanatic) RKO
The Black Cat (Gulmire Posing w/Lapine) U.S.
House of Seven (English title of above)
Gift of God (sheik) w/Lapine) Universal

1935

Role of Frankenstein (the Nosode) Universal
The Raven (Baron w/Lapine) Universal
Black Rose (sheik in Africa/Gregor Bernsen) Col.

1936

The Invisible Ray (James Ruth w/Lapine) U.S.
The Walking Dead (Elman) Warners
Charlie Chan at the Opera (Pavolite) Fox
The Man Who Loved Agnes (and scientist) GE
Man Who Changed His Mind (Eng. title of above)

Dr. Mabuse (re-release title of above)
The Human Stain (re-release of above)
Juggernaut (Dr. Strangelove) Grand National
The Devil's Doctor (alternate title of above)

1937

Night Key (Dr. Mystery) Universal
West of Shanghai (Gen. Wu Yen Fong) Warner
The Warlord (alternate title of above)

1938

The Invisible Witness (Deluxe) Warner
Without Warning (alternate title of above)
Mr. Wong, Detective (title role) Monogram

1939

Son of Frankenstein (Monster w/Lugosi) Uni.
The Mystery of Mr. Wong (Mr. Wong) Monogram
Mr. Wong in Chinatown (title role) Monogram
Practiced Crimes (Deluxe serial) Mrs. Ray Kennedy &
The Man They Could Not Hang (Henry Seward) Col.
Town of London (Mold) Universal
The Fatal Hour (Mr. Wong) Monogram

1940

Big Kah Intelligence (Top Western) Schlesinger WB
Black Friday (Dr. Seward w/Lugosi) (Dr. Seward) Uni.
The Man with Three Lives (Dr. Kremser) Columbia
Behind the Door (English title of above)
Devil's Island (Dr. Clegg) Monogram
Devoted to Die (Mr. Wong) Monogram
Devil's Island (Dr. Clegg) Columbia
The Spy (Dr. Admett Monogram)
You'll Find Out (Judge Manning w/Lugosi) RKO

1941

The Devil Commands (Dr. West) Columbia

1942

Beagle Man Will Get You (Prod. Babbings w/Bell) Col.

1943

Note:

1944

The Climax (Dr. Mabuse) Universal

1945

House of Frankenstein (Dr. Mabuse) Universal
The Body Snatcher (Human Gray w/Lugosi) RKO
Isle of the Dead (Gen. Pharaos) RKO

1946

Bellman (Mr. Simon) RKO

1947

Lure (Mr. Van Dwyer) United Artists
Personal Column (alternate title of above)
Secret Life of Walter Mitty (Jewel) (short) RKO
Dick Tracy Meets Gruesome (Gruesome) RKO
Dick Tracy's Amazing Adventure (Eng. title of above)
Unconquered (Chief Geyatas) Paramount

1948

Tap Roots (Tishomingo) Universal

1949

Aldott & Castello Meet the Killers (Sons of Fury)
A & C Meet (Boris Karloff) (English title of above)

1950

Note:

1951

The Strange Door (serial) Universal

1952

The Black Castle (Dr. Mystery) Universal
The Emperor's Nightingale (serial) Rembrandt

1953

Calaveras March Investigates (Col. March) Panda
Circus March of Scotland (Yard) (same as above)

Sabotage (General) United Artists

The Hindu (alternate title of above) UA

ABC West (Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde) (serial) UA

Master of the Island (smuggler) Romanoff Pictures

The Juggernaut (Our Lady) (serial) Fox

1954-1955-1956

Note:

1957

Venice (serial) (Dr. Knight) UA

Soledi (Death) (re-release title of above)

Frankenstein-1939 (Dr. Frankenstein) Alfred

Cravat of Blood (Dr. Batson) (Producers Assoc.)

Devil from Seven Devils (Eng. title of above)

1959 (Rev.) (Rev.)

Note:

1960

The Raven (Dr. Scarab) AIP

The Turner (Baron Von Lippitz) (Eng.) AIP

Days of Thrills and Laughter (Kinch of K.)

1961

The Comedy of Errors (Amede Hechley) AIP

Black Sabbath (transistor & Woodstock) AIP

Three Faced Terror (Eng. title of above)

Black (Death) (same as above) AIP

1962

Die, Wieder Die! (Rahm Valley) AIP

Master of Terror (Eng. title of above)

Madame Bovary (serial)

1963

Cheat in the Woods (Bretzel (Hermann Scherzer)) AIP

The Viceroy Affair (Dr. Passe) (Vicereign) MGM

1964

Blood Will Tell (blood alcohol) (Wade in Spain)

Mad Hatter Party (source of puppet) Knobstick

1965

The Scarecrow (Pvt. Wasserman) Alfred Artists

Targets (Byron Dutt) Paramount

1966

Curse of the Crimson Altar (Dr. Mortimer) AIP

The Four Chamber (good scientist) Alfred Col.

Isle of the Snake People (Devon's diary) AIP-Col.

House of Evil (mimic) Alfred Col.

The Incredible Invasion (bad scientist) AIP-Col.

**

Some Known Foreign Titles of Karloffines

Black Castle: Mystery of the S. Castle (French)

Black Friday: Friday the 13th (French)

Black Room Mystery: Roman Grigor (French)

The Climax: The Passion of St. Holmer (Belgian)

D. Tracy Meets Gruesome: D.T. vs. the Gang (Fr.)

Frank 70: The Devil's Lab of Dr. Randolph (Germ.)

The Greek: The Living Glass (French)

Juggernaut: Crime on the Riviera (Belgian)

King of the Wild Bim (Afghanistan Feature)

The Man who Loved Agnes: Switched Brains (Fr.)

The Mask of Fu Manchu: The Mask of Death (French)

The Old Dark House: Call of the Werewolf (Belgian)

The Old Dark House: The Gray House (Belgian)

The Old Dark House: The House of Drak (French)

The Old Dark House: A Strange Evening (French)

The Old Dark House: In a Six-Story House (Mex.)

The Strange Devil: Devil Alone (Belgian)

The Strange Devil: The Castle of Terror (French)

St. Drac: Behind the Dooms! Horror (Greece)

**

Uncommon Abbreviations used in Checklist: AP,
Associated Producers, FBO, Film Booking Offices,
GB, Gaumont-British, MG, Metro-Goldwyn, P,
Pathé, RKO, RKO-RKO-DeOliveira, U, Universal,
UA, United Artists, K, Vitaphone.

END



FRANKENSTEIN

**King Karloff's
Greatest Film
of the Man
Who Made A
Monster**

Prolog to Horror

REBWARE

Out of the blackness of the sound stage, a finely-attired gentleman steps forth, halting within the single spotlight. He is Edward Van Sloan and he bears a message from the President of Universal Studios.

"How do you do?" he begins. "Mr. Carl Laemmle feels it would be a little unkind to present this picture without a word of warning. We are about to unfold the story of Frankenstein, a man of Science who sought to create life after his own image without reckoning on God. It is one of the strangest tales ever told. It deals with the 7 great mysteries of Creation—Life & Death. I think it will thrill you; it may shock you; it may even—terrify— you. . . . So, if any of you feel you'd not care to subject your nerves to such a strain, now's your chance to—er— Well, we warned you . . ."

**Chapter 1
FIENDS AT THE FUNERAL**

The solemn, soul-stirring words of invocation roll thru the air of dismal midnight, creeping uneasily thru the minota the minota that pervades the medieval graveyard, somewhere in Central Europe. Beneath the ebony sky, in the center of the nectropoli assembly, the black-garbed priest stands with the flag of death—the dreaded skull & cross-

bones—, mumbling the rites of the dead over the body within the coffin. Beside him is the sexton, holding aloft a lantern, and about him are gathered the family & friends of the deceased—two or three weeping women and a number of saddened, care-worn men, many of whom are mourning the loss. The peasants, their hats in their hands, grimly view the open grave.

Shattering the deathlike stillness & silence that follows the prayer—soundless save for the sobs of the pallbearers—a church bell tolls in the distance. It echoes, reverberating over the deserted countryside, and it is soon joined by others, in noticeable contrast with the mournful mood that now encompasses the scene.

Four of the peasants slowly lower the coffin into the grave with jerky movements of the ropes and one aged woman—the bereaved widow—begins to wail pitifully but is comforted by an equally elderly man with tufts of windblown white hair scattered at random about his bald head.

Two nearly unseen figures peer between the slats of the moss-clad picket fence surrounding the cemetery, their eyes peer from among the long-unouched weeds. Concealed by the shadows, the

palid Dr. Henry Frankenstein (Colin Clive) watches the ceremony, while beside him squirms his short hunchbacked assistant Fritz (Dwight Frye). The dwarfish Fritz, his twisted visage & glowing eyes moving impatiently in the dark, raises his head for a better view and immediately Henry seizes the tattered shirt on Fritz's shoulder.

"Down! Down, you fool!" he growls, scarcely above a whisper.

Fritz reluctantly returns to the dark shadows to witness the proceedings, altho with far less visibility.

The funeral is ended. The peasants take a final look at the coffin, then silently depart behind the priest. The sexton tilts the lantern upon his shoulder, following the others, and soon the flag of death recedes out of sight.

Chapter 2 TO RAISE THE DEAD

A man is dead. May God have mercy upon his soul . . . for Dr. Henry Frankenstein will surely not let his body rest peacefully in the warm moist earth.



DWIGHT FRYE (left), the Maniacal Assistant of Dr. Frankenstein (COLIN CLIVE, right).

One man remains behind in the graveyard for his work has just begun—he is the gravedigger. He removes his coat & hat and tosses them aside; spits on his hands, rubbing them together. And gripping the shovel in his calloused hands, he begins the task of filling the grave. He hurlis the sod & gravel down upon the coffin, creating a miniature avalanche of sound, and presently the grave is entirely covered. As if he were an aging familiar of Mother Earth, burying one of her fallen children, he pats down the loose earth firmly with the spade. At last he shoulders his coat and tosses on his hat and, throwing the shovel over his shoulder, abandons the cemetery.

Hurriedly, Henry & Fritz leap over the fence,

clambering over into the nebulous necropolis, and they excitedly hurl their coats to the ground, falling to work at reopening the grave—violating the sanctuary that only Death offers.

In the background, behind a crumbled & crumbling picket fence and among several gnarled trees, the statue or is it a statue?—of the Grim Reaper looks on, clothed in a shroud of uncertainty, its misshapen, bony hands clasped about the cruciform sword upon which it leans. Its horn-like bone-white death mask catches & reflects the glow of the spectral clouds, tinted lightly by the rising moon's pallid brilliance. It stands, perhaps, to serve a purpose similar to that of a scarecrow—to frighten away hovering spirits of the dead, maybe even

demons...

A veritable demon himself, Henry shouts, "Now! Come on!"

Fritz & he heave up one end of the coffin but they cannot quite get it out of the now open grave. The two are obviously having some difficulty with it for it weighs as much as both of them combined.

"Hurry! Hurry!" Henry urges, glancing up at the sky. "The moon's rising—we've no time to lose."

Distracted and perhaps a little frightened, Fritz drops his shovel on the coffin lid and the resulting crash compounds the nervousness that Henry already has acquired.

"Careful!" he growls.

"Here it comes!" Fritz cries excitedly.

Finally the coffin is slowly shoved up onto the cemetery lot, as the sober-faced harried Henry somberly & forcefully raises up the end still in the grave. Fritz jumps out of the grave and crouches down on the ground, almost sitting, and with the aid of Henry pulls the coffin onto the ground. Henry crawls from the pit and goes to the dirt-encrusted casket. An almost imperceptible, thin-lipped smile upon his face, he puts the coffin lid fondly aside and the hollow sound resounds thru the confines of its interior.

Satisfied, Henry mutters: "He's just resting... waiting for new life to come!"

Chapter 3

THE GIFT OF THE GALLows

The devilish pair make their way laboriously up a slope and along a bumpy country path, as Fritz

FRANKENSTEIN—Universal—

Released December 1931

The Players

Dr. Henry Frankenstein (mad genius)

COLIN CLIVE

Elizabeth (his frightened fiancée)

MAE CLARKE

Victor Morris (her devoted friend)

JOHN BOLES

THE MONSTER (the classic of horror)

BORIS KARLOFF

Dr. Waldman (alias Van Helsing)

EDWARD VAN SLOAN

Fritz (the demented assistant)

DWIGHT FRYE

Baron Frankenstein (crotchety papa)

Frederick Kerr

Vogel the Burgomeister (pompous)

Lionel Belmore

Hans the Woodman (Forester!)

Forrester Harvey

Maria (the daisy that didn't float)

Marilyn Harris

BASED on the world famous novel by 19-year-old Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley: Mrs. Percy B. Shelley. ADAPTED by John L. Balderston from the PLAY by Peggy Webling. SCREENPLAY by Garrett Fort & Francis Edwards Faragoh. DIRECTOR: James Whale. CAMERAMAN: Arthur Edeson. SETTINGS: Herman Rosse. PRODUCED by Carl Laemmle Jr. MAKE-UP: JACK PIERCE. This Filmbook fictionalized by G. John Edwards from tapescript by Pete Claudius. Special Editing by Forrest J. Ackerman.

"Bodies from the graves, the gallows—anywhere!"



pentingly pulls—with Henry lending a lesser amount of energy from the rear of the vehicle—the wooden cart bearing the coffin & corpse. Before them lies the gallows. A body is outlined against the night sky—the body of a criminal, who now hangs lifelessly by his neck from the thick wooden post. The languid wind causes the body to sway back & forth ever so lightly, turning nearly unnoticed.

They leave the cart a few yards away and Fritz gazes at the corpse nearby. "Here we are. Look!—It's still here!" he snorts excitedly.

They advance toward the hanged man and Fritz, holding the lantern in one hand and a short, bolt-tipped rod in the other, peers fearfully up at the corpse from his contorted stature.

Henry calmly pokes him in the back, ordering

"Climb up and cut the rope."

Fritz turns to him with a questioning gaze for this prospect holds no joy for the superstitious lad. "No!" he babbles, his voice trembling openly.

Henry frowns at Fritz impudently. "Go on. It can't hurt you." He hands him a dull pocket knife. "Here's a knife."

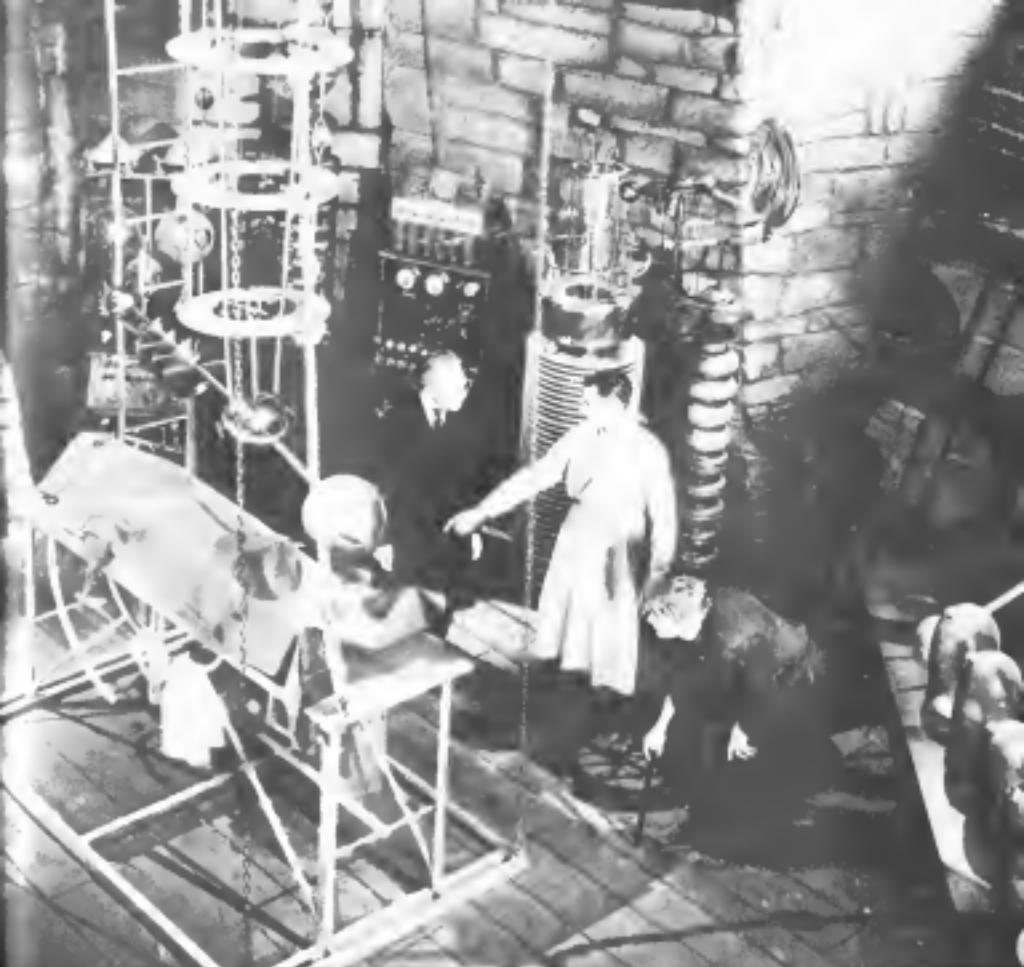
Glancing fearfully at his master, Fritz reluctantly takes it and ascends the gallows like a slithering beast—true to his actual nature. He straddles the crossbeam and, the knife in his teeth, crawls along it until he is over the corpse. Removing the knife from his mouth, he carefully begins to saw away at the rope.

"Look out!" Fritz warns.

Looking down half fearfully, he watches as the corpse drops to the ground before Henry, who



Coffin-robbing for unorthodox Science' most secret & daring experiment.



"That body has never lived," Henry Frankenstein tells Dr. Waldman (Edward Van Sloan). "I created it, with my own hands."

steps back slightly.

"Here's the knife," Fritz calls, hurling it to earth at Henry's feet. Then he swings from the crossbeams like a repulsive baboon, slavering. "Here I come!" And he jumps to the ground again.

Henry examines the body of the hanged criminal while Fritz looks on wide-eyed, his lips twisted out of shape.

"Is it all right?" the diminutive ghouls inquires.

Henry spits angrily. "The neck's broken. The brain is useless! We must find another brain . . ."

Goldstadt Medical College nearby, a night session is in progress. There are gathered a score of well-dressed gentlemen & women, looking on attentively as two doctors cover a corpse, wheeling it away on the operating table. They pass a 6-foot human skeleton, which one of the doctors accidentally brushes against, and it bobs up & down, a ridiculous look upon its fleshless face, to the great amusement of the medical students. Giggles begin to echo thruout the room.

The distinguished professor of anatomy, Dr. Waldman (Edward Van Sloan), resumes his lecture. Beside him, on the desk, are two large glass jars, each containing a brain in formaldehyde solution. The jars are labeled alternatively: NORMAL BRAIN & ABNORMAL BRAIN.

Chapter 4 THE CRIMINAL BRAIN

In the large auditorium-classroom within the



"It's moving . . . it's alive . . . it's moving . . . it's alive!"

The doctors leave the room. Waldman turns once more to the first jar intoning: "And in conclusion, ladies & gentlemen, here we have one of the most perfect specimens of the human brain that ever came to my attention at the University. And here—" He points to the second jar—"the abnormal brain of the typical criminal." He indicates the various regions of the brain with his pencil point. "Observe, ladies & gentlemen, the scarcity of convolutions on his frontal lobe as compared to that of the normal brain, and the distinct degeneration of the middle frontal lobe. All of these degenerate characteristics check amazingly with the case history of the dead man, whose life was one of brutality, of violence & murder. Both of these jars will remain here for your

further inspection. Thank you, gentlemen. The class is dismissed."

Waldman departs from the auditorium and the students file out behind him in no apparent hurry. The door is locked and presently, after a brief moment of undisturbed silence, his twisted face of Frits appears outside the window, contorting and peering into the latent laboratory. With his ever-present little rod, he pries the window open and stealthily enters. He prowls around in the room, crawling thru the rows of seats, enguiled in the darkness, and makes his way to the desk and pair of brains. Unnoticed, the skeleton stands in the shadows beside him as he stares with fascination at the strange things in the foul-smelling liquid. His ragged coat brushes against the "spectator"



"SH—DOWN!" Henry tries to reach his creation.

and, sensing something nearby, he wheels about very sharply. The scene that greets Fritz's superstitious eyes is that of the large skeleton, looming over him, jiggling & bouncing in an alarming, menacing manner. But he is not as fearful as one might imagine. Instinctively drawing a quick breath, he grabs the skeleton and halts its motion, as he gazes up at the fearful thing with a look of pure consternation—half apprehension & half bewilderment. Then he turns and lifts up the jar designated **NORMAL BRAIN**, worming his way toward the window, but unexpectedly—

Clang!

The dull but startling sound of something metallic being struck resounds from the darkness!

Half paralyzed by fear, letting a tiny grasp escape his misshapen lips, his trembling hands release the jar and his brain soon finds itself lying amidst a pile of broken glass, scattered tissue & splashes of formaldehyde.

Fritz manages to calm himself and, realizing his inexcusable mistake, seizes the remaining jar—marked **ABNORMAL BRAIN**—and scrambles out the window.

Chapter 5 A LUNATIC'S LETTER

Candlelight bathes the photograph of Henry Frankenstein in a pallid blue-amber aura, the flames

flickering eerily from a nocturnal draught. Sitting in the half-light of her room, Henry's fiancée Elizabeth (Mae Clarke) gazes fondly at the unmoving image. Suddenly, she is disturbed from her pleasant pastime by the erratic trembling of the candle flame and the maid opens the door, entering the room.

"Herr Victor Morris," she announces.

Elizabeth rises to her feet and Victor (John Bodes)—a mutual friend—steps in.

"Victor!" she gasps joyfully. "I'm so glad you've come."

"What is it, Elizabeth?" he asks.

She holds up a letter and Victor glances at it, nodding:

"Oh—you've heard from Henry?"

"Yes," she replies. "The first word in four months. It just came. Oh, Victor—you must help me."

Victor senses there is something wrong and readily offers assistance. "Of course I'll help you!"

They walk across the room and, standing beside the candles, Elizabeth shakes the letter at Victor. "I've read this over & over again, but they're just words—that I can't understand. Listen—" She quotes from the letter, which reads:

You must have faith in me, Elizabeth. Wait. My work must come first, even before you. At night the winds howl in the mountains. There is no one here. Prying eyes can't peer into my secret . . .

Born of lighting. He is attracted to the light.





Portrait of *Memece*. Profile of a Murder Machine set to go berserk at any moment!



Tense scene for Henry (with torch) and Dr. Weidman, with syringe, as Monster hesitates in doorway to its prison.

"What can he mean?" she asks, interrupting herself.

Victor is too absorbed to offer any interpretation. He inquires, "What does he say then?"

She continues. *I am living in an abandoned old watch tower close to the town of Goldstadt. Only my assistant is here to help me with my experiments.*

"Oh . . . his experiments," mutters Victor, somewhat relieved.

Elizabeth clutches the letter. "Yes—that's what frightens me. The very day we announced our engagement, he told me of his experiments. He said he was on the verge of a discovery so terrible that he doubted his own sanity." She looks skyward. "There was a strange look in his eyes . . . some mystery . . . his words carried me right away. Of course, I've never doubted him, but still I worry—I can't help it. And now, this letter! Oh, this uncertainty can't go on!" She & Victor sit down.

"I must know! Victor, have you seen him?"

"Yes—about 3 weeks ago," he replies. "I met him walking alone in the woods. He spoke to me of his work, too, I asked him if I might visit his laboratory. He just glared at me and said he'd let no one go there. His manner was very strange."

Elizabeth moans. "Oh, what can we do? Oh, if he should be ill—" She rises, her eyebrows knitted.

Victor too is concerned about Henry's welfare but manages to conceal it fairly well. He assures her: "Now, don't worry. I'll go to Dr. Waldman, Henry's old professor at medical school. Perhaps he can tell me more about all this . . ."

"Victor, you're a dear," she smiles.

He looks fondly at her, declaring. "You know I'd go to the ends of the earth for you."

"I shouldn't like that. I'm far too fond of you."

Victor murmurs, "I wish you were."

Elizabeth — Henry's betrothed — turns away, sadly. "Oh, Victor . . ."



The Monster strikes! Weldmen & Frankenstein fight to escape from the creature's clutches and lock it in its room once again.



"Oh, come away, Fritz, leave it alone," doctor pleads with sadistic dwarf.

"I'm sorry." He gets up, starting to leave, and Elizabeth & he shake hands.

"Goodnight Victor—and thank you. Thank you."

He smiles, "Goodnight. And don't worry. From me?"

"I won't."

Victor departs from the room and walks across the hall toward the door but he is halted by a short cry from behind him.

"Victor!" It is Elizabeth again, hurrying after him.

He turns. "What is it?"

"I'm coming with you."

Surprised, Victor babbles: "But, Elizabeth—you can't do that!"

"I must!" She whirrs about, going upstairs, I'll be ready in a minute."

Before Victor can offer another word of objection, Elizabeth has gone to get her coat.

46

Chapter 6 DARK REVELATIONS

Victor & Elizabeth are soon seated before the desk of venerable Dr. Waldman in his office. On his desk are a number of test tubes, containing a rainbow array of chemicals, a microscope & numerous scientific tomes. Along the wall there is a cabinet that houses more chemicals, other dusty books and—10 skulls! Waldman, fingering his eyeglasses nervously, listens with extreme interest to the grim narrative of the two visitors.

"Young Frankenstein," Waldman adds, "is a most brilliant young man, yet so erratic he troubles me."

Elizabeth sob, "I'm worried about Henry. Why has he left the University? He was doing so well—and he seemed so happy with his work!"

Eagle-eyed, craggy-featured Waldman frowns.



It takes 3 men to subdue the morale, who has the strength of many.



A pathetic creature. Karloff made him a monster more to be pitied than feared.

"Well, you know his researches in the fields of chemical galvanism & electrobiology were far in advance of our theories here at the University. In fact, they had reached a most advanced stage. They were becoming . . . dangerous. Herr Frankenstein has greatly changed."

"You mean, changed as a result of his work?" Victor queries.

"Yes, his work—his insane ambition to create life!" Waldman confesses.

Victor looks down at the floor, meditating.

"How?" cries Elizabeth, worriedly. "How? Please tell us everything—whatever it is." "The bodies we use in our dissection room for lecture purposes were not perfect enough for his experiments, he said. He wished us to supply him with other bodies—and were not to be too particular as to where & how we got them." He smiles painfully, continuing: "I told him that these demands were unreasonable and so he left the

University to work unhampered. He found what he needed elsewhere."

Victor laughs. "Oh—the bodies of animals! Well, what are the lives of a few rabbits & dogs?"

Waldman looks sharply, seriously at him. "You do not quite get what I mean. Herr Frankenstein was interested only in human life—first to destroy it; then recreate it. There you have his . . . mad dream."

"Can we go to him?" Elizabeth begs.

"You will not be very welcome."

"Oh, what does that matter?" she walks. "I must see him. Dr. Waldman, you have influence with Henry. Won't you come with us?"

"I am sorry but Herr Frankenstein is no longer my pupil."

"But he respects you. Won't you help us to take him away?"

Waldman rises. "Very well, fraulein. I warned you, but if you wish it . . . I will go."

Chapter 7 THE TOWER OF POWER

The elements whirl thru a vortex of black clouds & howling winds. A storm is rising. The ominous clouds are looming over the ghostly tower, circling like ravenous vultures, and thunder peals in the mountains far away.

Within the laboratory in the tower, Henry & the loathsome Fritz are adjusting the myriad devices & instruments that dominate the weird chamber's interior. Huge coils & monstrous cathodes & gigantic transformers stretch toward the heavens from the laboratory's oaken floor. The wrathlike lights flash & sizzle and the coils buzz & hiss in a never-ending array of Science's most astounding creations. The pygmy-like Fritz is on the ramparts, tightening the electric absorbers and Henry meanwhile, stands beside the large operating table, suspended from the ceiling by four chains. The table itself is partially covered with a sheet, the contours of which reveal a human form of monstrous proportions. Henry turns from examining the cryptic figure and stands below the skylight, shouting up to the roof.

"Fritz!"

A voice rings above the sound of thunder & wind: "Hello!"

"Have you finished making those connections?"

"Yes—they're done."

"Well, come down soon!" calls Henry. "Then help me with the schedule! We've lots to do!"

Quasimodo-like, Fritz slides down the rope to the laboratory, where he finds Henry uncovering the flat and beardedlike, gaunt-wrapped feet of the thing upon the table. The hunchbacked dwarf snarls and eyes nearly popping out, shakes his fist at the inert form.

"Ooh—the fiend!" he spits.

The thunder rumbles overhead but Henry is undisturbed by all this turmoil. His eyes flash as he snaps: "Fool! If this storm develops as I hope, you'll have plenty to be afraid of before the night's over! Go on—fix the electrodes!"

Fritz fastens the electrodes, charging them, and Henry dons a pair of earphones. As he turns a nearby dial, he listens eagerly to the wild crackling of static. He seems pleased by the results of the tests.

"This storm will be magnificent!" Henry shouts. "All the electrical secrets of Heaven . . . and this time we're ready! Eh, Fritz? Ready?"

Suddenly he hears a gasping noise behind him and surprised, turns. "What's the matter?"

"Look!" grunts Fritz, pointing to the operating table. A pallid, gray-green & inanimate hand hangs limply over the side of the table, having fallen from beneath the sheet.

Smiling, Henry reassures him. "There's nothing to fear. Look—no blood, no decay . . . just a few stitches." He pulls the sheets back further, revealing the massive head swathed in bandages. "And look—here's the final touch: the brain you stole, Fritz. Think of it! The brain of a dead man . . . waiting to live again in a body I made! With my own hands—my own hands . . . Let's have one final test! Throw the switches!"

Henry covers the head once more and he & Fritz assume their positions at various instrument panels. The two turn dials, push buttons & yank levers and the machine suddenly comes to animated life, crackling & flashing momentarily. An electrolytic

flame rises along a coil within a cylinder of glass. An arc of bluish light crackles to & fro thru a suspended transparent sphere. And a spiral streak of energy winds itself, serpent-like, about a sparkling cathode. Henry sees that everything is seemingly in order, satisfactorily prepared for the experiment—the final, ultimate experiment . . .

Fritz cuts the power off and once again only the rolling thunder is intermingled with the silence. Henry mutters excitedly:

"Good! In 15 minutes the storm should be at its height. Then we'll be ready . . ."

Chapter 8 UNWELCOME VISITORS

But Henry's plans are premature. For the moment his dreams are annihilated by the reverberations of a hollow knocking sound from the door downstairs.

"What's that?" Henry barks.

Fritz replies, "There's someone there!"

The booming continues. "Quiet!" shrieks Henry. "Send them away! Nobody must come here!" He gives Fritz a lantern, leading him down to the stairway, but suddenly he carries him around toward the operating table. "Here!—cover this!" The two yank the sheet up over the pale figure and Henry again sends Fritz to the stairway. "Whoever it is, don't let them in!"

All the way from France, and direct from the screen, this "candid" shot of the Karloff Frankenstein.



"Leave 'em to me," Fritz grins broadly, turning to hobble down the tortuously winding staircase. As he returns to his work, Henry mutters angrily to himself: "Of all the times for anybody to come!"

Fritz scampers hurriedly down the broken steps while the irritating knocking continues to resound. "You think I like it? Not much!" he growls to himself. "I'll show 'em a thing about it at this time of night! Got too much to do!"

Once more the knock echoes thru the tower.

"Can't be bothered!" he swears. "Wait a minute! All right, all right! Wait a minute!"

Fritz finally reaches the ground floor and opens a tiny window in the door. Thru the barred opening he sees Waldman, Elizabeth & Victor, standing outside in the storm. Their coats are huddled about them and torrents of rain beat down on them.

"Dr. Waldman's here—" Victor begins, but without even as much as listening to what he says, Fritz spits: "You can't see him! Go away!" With that, he slams the window shut in their faces.

Fritz, balancing himself with his rod, returns to the laboratory, still muttering to himself: "All right—knock! You can't get in!"

The group, finding their efforts at knocking futile, moves back from the door. They stand out in front of the tower and call up to the window of the laboratory, in which lights flicker & flash in a dazzling assemblage.

"Henry!" Victor shouts.

Waldman shouts after him: "Frankenstein?" "Henry!"

Chaney's masterpiece was Eric the Phantom Kerr-loft's—you see it here.

"Frankenstein!"

Annoyed, Henry finally goes to the window, peering out into the murky blackness of the fitful storm.

"Open the door!" calls Elizabeth.

"Let us in!" Waldman cries.

Henry, however, cannot see who is shouting. "Who is it? Who is it? What do you want? You must leave me alone now!"

"It's Elizabeth! Open the door!"

Henry realizes that the unwelcome visitors warrant special attention. He & Fritz reluctantly trudge downstairs to answer them. Henry yanks open the little window and immediately is greeted by a chorus of voices:

"Henry!" cries Elizabeth.

"Frankenstein!" Waldman demands.

Victor joins in: "Henry!"

But Henry is only more annoyed. "What do you want?"

"Open the door!" Victor demands, and Elizabeth pleads, "Let us in!"

Henry, leading the way, is followed by the three up the baroque stairway to the door of the laboratory where Henry headlines. He turns to the others.

"Are you quite sure you want to come in?"

The question is answered by their nods and grimly—somewhat vengefully, altho with a note of resignation—he replies, "Very well." He hurls open the door and one by one they all file into the bizarre environment of Henry Frankenstein. However, before they can even protest, Henry has locked the door from the inside and slipped the key securely into his pocket. Turning, he sees their bewildered expressions, so he answers the unasked inquiry.

"Forgive me," he explains, "but I am forced to take unusual precautions. Sit down, please."

The trio is reluctant to follow his suggestion. Henry's fiery look singles out Victor in particular.

"Sit down!" he hisses.

Victor outright startled by the vicious command, eases himself down onto the convenient cot. Henry then turns to instruct Elizabeth to do the same but in a less fearful tone of voice:

"You, too, Elizabeth. Please."

She seats herself but Henry fails to notice that Waldman is not numbered among the congregation: He has wandered away into the interior of the laboratory. Unobserved, Waldman is standing over the carefully-wrapped body on the operating table, regarding it with a mental outpour of questions. He reaches toward it, preparing to take a closer, more rewarding look at the lifeless body.

Meanwhile, Henry informs the others: "A moment ago you said I was crazy. Tomorrow, we'll see about that!"

The fiendish moron Fritz catches sight of Waldman. "Don't touch that!" he shrieks with an outburst of animalistic passion.

The lightning flashes and the thunder roars.

Henry wheels about and rushes to the aged doctor, who slowly rises from inspecting the inert corpse, and he silently but meaningfully points to the remaining chair. He stares with blazing countenance at Waldman.

"I'm sorry, Doctor," Henry mutters, leading him to the chair "but I insist. Please."

Waldman contemplates Henry's change since the University days and then sits down quietly, without objection. He is instantly heralded a semi-arrogant refutation of his theories by Henry:





That Frits just won't give up on the monster, will he? Well, he won't last till the end of the picture that way! (MORE GREAT PICTURES NEXT ISSUE!)

"Dr. Waldman, I learned a great deal from you at the University—about the violet ray, the ultra-violet ray, which you said is the highest color in the spectrum." Eyes glowing, Henry bends closer to him, almost whispering. "You were *wrong*. Here in this machinery I have gone beyond that. *I have discovered the great ray that first brought life into the world . . .*"

Waldman is but mildly impressed for he has come to believe that Henry is unbalanced. As do all men of science he asks for more information. "Oh—and your proof?"

"Tonight you shall *have* your proof," he replies. "At first I experimented only with dead animals . . . and then, a human heart, which I kept beating for 3 weeks. But now—I am going to turn that ray on that . . . body—" He points to the motionless form "—*and endow it with life!*"

As Henry stands and points toward the covered figure, Victor & Elizabeth appear just as confused as they feel but Waldman still is reluctant to accept his explanation—to step across the eternal boundary between Science & the Supernatural.

"And you *really* believe," says he, taunting, "that you can bring life to the dead?"

Henry corrects him sharply. "That body is not dead; it has never lived. I created it—I made it with my own hands from the bodies I took from the graves the gallows, anywhere! Go and see for yourself." He rises and turns to Victor & Elizabeth. "You, too."

Calmly, Waldman gets up, walking to the operating table in the other corner of the room and he silently peers at the unmoving patchwork of corpses, sewed together into a single being. Victor & Elizabeth remain in their seats, too terrified to rise. Without a word of any sort—except for a nodding, "Yes, yes"—Waldman returns to his seat once more. Henry is somewhat amused by the group's reaction.

Henry stands before the corpse-like creation, leaning back against the operating table, and he looks up at the ceiling, his eyes sparkling wildly.

"Quite a good scene, isn't it? he muses. "One man . . . crazy, three very sane spectators!"

Part 2 (Conclusion) is many more pages of Exciting Words & Thrilling Pictures—plus *Freakenstein Film Facts*—in the next Great Issue of **FAMOUS MONSTERS** (#57) on sale June 26. *Mount your movieend for it!*

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THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN SPEAKS

The director and the make-up man could not make a figure of hate out of him as Frankenstein's monster. It seems as if he taught the audience the delightful game of pretending to be frightened. The director, James Whale, set him in situations of total loneliness but it was the beauteous inner spirit of Karloff himself that gave him the ability to feel compassion and transfer that emotion to the audience.

I would have liked to have known him better. I got to know him a little in the first film that Charles Laughton ever made in Hollywood, *THE OLD DARK HOUSE*, and of course when I was the Bride of Frankenstein (in name only).

Years later he came to our house to talk about a play to Charles. Always extraordinarily gentle and modest, it eventually dawned on his vast public that he was a highly intelligent and rather sophisticated person.

Elsa Lanchester



JOHN CARRADINE

seen here as Deneys with Boris Karloff as Dr Niemann in *HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN* (1944), was not available for comment at time of publication.



DEAD-LETTER EDITION

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE FAMOUS MONSTERS CLUB

THE "LAST ACT OF BORIS KARLOFF"



Bill Warren with BORIS KARLOFF. This magazine made it possible for FM fan Bill to fulfill a lifetime ambition and meet his favorite actor, and here, in "The Last Act", he shares that thrilling encounter with The King with readers of The Graveyard Examiner.

The old man rocked back and forth on the bench before the pipe organ, his arthritically crippled fingers playing over the silent keys. Behind and above him flames erupted with the hiss of gas. But fell loosely from the ceiling, the turning water wheel caught fire and improbably halted. With thudding finality, a beam fell. "Cut!" the director yelled. "Hurry up, right away." As

he called, the special effects crew dashed up to the raised area of the dungeon with fire extinguishers and quenched the flames on the floor. Those on the walls were turned off backstage.

The old man, almost unnoticed, made his way off the platform to his ever-present wheelchair. "Thanks, Bill," the director called.

Boris Karloff had finished the last scene for *HOUSE OF EVIL*, what was to be one of the two last film he would ever make.

And I saw it. Me, Bill Warren, who began reading FM at the age of 14 with #1, to whom even seeing the last Karloff film was a thrill. "Cut!" the director yelled. "Hurry up, right away." As

FM's editor had called me

saying that if I wished I could go with him to the small sound stage on Santa Monica Blvd, the next day and watch Boris Karloff make the first of 4 films he was to make in one month — at the age of 80.

That first day, we looked around the small cramped

But he answered our questions, some of which I am sure he had been asked many times before — but he answered all, graciously and honestly. (For instance, he admitted he disliked the makeup and costume for the monster in "SON OF FRANKENSTEIN" and pointed out that they went back to the style of the first two films in "CHANT". He autographed some stills for both Ferry and me — Ferry told him it would be quite all right to sign some of them simply "B.K.", taking into consideration that it was an effort for him to write.

We ceased our interview then as they were preparing to shoot a scene without Karloff. The huge doors of the sound stage were shut only long enough for the scene to be shot, for the air was thick and heavy.

We returned the next week when "ISLE OF THE SNAKE PEOPLE" commenced shooting, but did not meet Karloff then.

The film being shot the last week was "THE INCREDIBLE INVASION" in which Karloff played a scientist who accidentally sets free force-creatures. (One of the electrical props used in the laboratory should have been familiar to him as it had been used in both "FRANKENSTEIN" and "BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN".)

Again Karloff was seated out of the way to one side, holding an oxygen mask to his face and studying his lines. A friend of the editor's, Jon Berg, and I hovered around him, trying to keep visitors to the set off his neck. One mother dragged her child up to the tired old actor and to the tired old actor and

sad, "See, he played Frankenstein." The child said, "You mean Herman Munster?"

Karloff either chose to ignore similar banalities or simply did not hear them, although, when spoken to, he would reply kindly and warmly, as if they actually knew who he was. When these people left, I am sure they took with them a new respect for "the man who played Frankenstein."

And I developed a new respect for him myself, for shortly thereafter Karloff began to shoot his scenes.

The call came for him to enter the set, I felt strong sympathy for this austere and brave old man, who experienced great pain in even walking. But when he heard the director call, the years fell away and he rose easily to his feet and suddenly appeared to be 20 years younger. The chance to work, to display his craft, made a young man of him again.

In watching Boris Karloff work in bits and pieces (the way all movies are shot) for the rest of the afternoon, I discovered something — Boris Karloff must have been one of the most conscientious actors in films.

He had studied the script carefully, so that he knew the personality of the part he played, learning not only from his own lines but from those said about him. As a result of such study, if the same little bits of dialog had to be done several times for one reason or another — Karloff was able to vary the delivery of his lines slightly on each take, changing inflection & emphasis but always keeping completely within the bounds of the personality he was portraying.

I commented on this acting style to him. "I've done it all my film career," he said. "It prevents one from becoming too stale, you know."

This practice, which I am told is rare among movie actors, is the mark of a true craftsman.

In a later scene, Karloff was required to bolt a door. He did this — and suddenly a look of pain crossed his face and he stumbled against the wall. I gasped and started forward, so convincing was his acting — but that was what it

was — acting. I stepped back, embarrassed, but as I did so, I saw the other visitors to the set also stepping sheepishly back. They had also been fooled.

And then, later that day, the picture was over, he made a short farewell speech to the crew and he left the sound stage. After this, he returned to England for a few months, and returned again to the United States and Hollywood. He made "The White Birch" segment of *Name of the Game* and was on *The Red Skelton Show* and *The Jonathan Winters Show*. At the end of 1968 he went home to England for the last time.

And I saw him act. I also was able to say to him on my behalf and for all lovers of fantasy films everywhere: "Mr. Karloff, I can't begin to tell you how much I think of you. I have loved you all my life. You are my favorite actor." I literally found myself unable to say more.

Karloff smiled and patted my hand resting on the arm of his chair. He was somewhat embarrassed as he spoke. "Why, thank you, young man. I've done my best and it is good to know someone cares."

Goodby, Boris Karloff. You were well-loved.

GRAVEYARD EXAMINER RETURNS

We're back from the grave, and with a new editor! Greg Bazar, a senior student at Northern Valley High School, Old Tappan, New Jersey, takes over the Editor's job of the Graveyard Examiner. The newspaper resumes publication after being discontinued in issue #24 of FM.



GREG BAZAR

For you newer fans who have recently begun to read FAMOUS MONSTERS, the Graveyard Examiner is the Official Newspaper for all its

IN MEMORIUM



as THE MUMMY

by GREG BAZAR

This column is dedicated to one of the greatest horror actors ever born. Of course we are talking about Boris Karloff who passed away on February 3, 1969 at the age of 81.

When looking back at the almost 150 movies he made, one would have to rank Karloff as equal to such greats as Lon Chaney, Bela Lugosi, Basil Rathbone, Edward Van Sloan, etc.

To every one reading this magazine, Karloff was much more than just an ordinary horror actor. For more than two generations he has been striking terror into the hearts of men, women, and children



as THE MONSTER

of all ages. His many movies have been classics in their field, with each new one as good as the last. Anyone who has ever seen his movies knows that he was certainly the King of them all.

Each time we see Frankenstein, or The Black Cat, or The Invisible Ray, we feel the same excitement, the same thrill that were felt when we first viewed the original.

It is our hope that in the generations to come, Boris Karloff will continue to send chills up and down the spines of millions of fans to come. Each time an old Karloff film is revisited, it proves that he never really died, he lives on eternally in all our hearts.

& Vincent Price, nor personalities like Ray Bradbury & Robert Bloch, nor undertake to answer questions that would take a month. But for reasonable requests (see following examples) Greg will be happy to consult his own (and Donovan's) brain for answers.

1. In which of the Frankenstein movies did Lon Chaney play the monster?

Ans. Lon Chaney Jr. played the Frankenstein monster in THE GHOST OF FRANKENSTEIN, the fourth in the series.

2. How many movies did Bela Lugosi play Count Dracula?

Ans. 3. DRACULA MARK OF THE VAMPIRE and ABOTT & COSTELLO MEET FRANKENSTEIN

3. What was the name of the movie in which Boris Karloff played the monster's maker?

Ans. Boris Karloff played the creator in FRANKENSTEIN 1970, but also played the monster's maker in THE HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN

END

ASK GREG

A free service to readers of FAMOUS MONSTERS. We cannot reveal the home addresses of stars like Chris Lee



1963 YEARBOOK



1964 YEARBOOK



1965 YEARBOOK



1966 YEARBOOK



1967 YEARBOOK



1968 YEARBOOK



P-18 CHANEY UNMASKED



P-21 SPECIAL CONTEST ISSUE



P-22 CONTEST WINNERS



P-23 THE HUNCHBACK



P-24 JECKYL & HYDE



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P-27 30 MILLION MILES



P-28 CURSE OF THE DEMON



P-29 NEW FRANKENSTEIN



P-30 ANNIVERSARY ISSUE



P-31 WEREWOLF OF LONDON



P-32 FRANKENSTEIN WOLFMAN



P-33 HOUSE OF DRACULA



P-34 DR WHO



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P-36 VAMPIRE OF THE OPERA



P-37 JAMES BOND



P-38 GHOST OF FRANKENSTEIN

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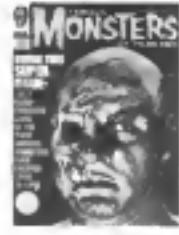
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WHY DON'T YOU HAVE THESE
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MAGAZINE COLLECTION?



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#21

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MYSTERY PHOTO

NUMBER
34



FANTA CLAUS!

We confess!

This is the worst Mystery Photo we have ever run. Worse, that is, from the standpoint of being difficult to guess, for it is surely the easiest of all the past 33.

And in some ways it is one of the **BEST** we have ever run, being of the great star blessed by all who has now gone to his rest.

Thank you, "Santa Claus", for 50 years of pictures—155 of them from 1919 till now—and every performance a present.

A fan, Phil Moskowitz, prepared this picture of you in one role you never played but in which we know you would have been superb.

You can't fool us, Frankenclaus! We know that's you, BORIS KARLOFF. And you deserve an **Eternal Christmas**.

ANSWER TO MYSTERY PHOTO NO. 33



The ghastly ghoul is a frizzy ticky who looks like a refugee from the pages of *Eerie* or *Creepy* is in reality an Amateur Make-up Artist.

Last last year this lucky contestant won a prize for horribleness in a contest sponsored by Minalte, featuring the Autopak. "This horror make-up contest eatopak 'em in," said the Minalte People, and sure enough it did.

Details can be found on page 2 of the Nov. 25, '68 issue of *U.S. News & World Report*.

YOU AXED

Our regular **YOU AXED FOR IT** department this issue is devoted entirely to **BORIS KARLOFF** and the following representative group of his admirers:



The Sheik of Shiek in **TWO ARABIAN KNIGHTS**, 1927.

Caesar Desiano . . . Jan Kovalcik . . . Julia Blair . . .
Kevin Thomas . . . Laine Liska . . . Sharon Phelps . . .
Kenneth Brown . . . Kurt Rosecrans . . . Julia
Reino . . . Darwin Niles Jr. . . . L. E. Bloch . . . Riki
Pinckard . . . Susan Wald . . . Bill Palmer . . . John
Tuson . . . Gordon R. Guy . . . Ben Inserra . . . Wm.
Keller . . . Chris Lindner . . . Anthony Golembrows
Peter Parkinson . . . Dennis Chartier . . . Tom
Rashmore . . . Joe Kusera . . . Andy Braun . . . Lon



As Velder/Schiller the Spy in **BRITISH INTELLIGENCE**, 1940.



His Most Frightening Face? From **THE CLIMAX**, Universal, 1944.



Identification uncertain. Race? Date? Maybe **YOU** can tell **US**.



Gen. Pherides in **ISLE OF THE DEAD** (pronounced **I LOVE THE DEAD!**)—1945.



Portrait Study. At the time Lix Taylor was still a teenager.

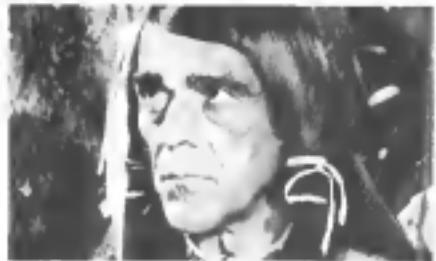
FOR HIM!

Gloot ... Mike Lappin ... Thom. A. Partenope ...
Alan Nuss ... Pam & Bruce Hanson ... Shirley
Kingston ... Howard Kopchuk ... Steven Paris ...
Joe Hale Dennis ... Steve King ... David A. Rose
... Stephen Cross ... Kathleen Lee ... Gilbert
Wald ... Mark Frank ... Bruno Bros ... Bros
Vertlieb ... Brooks Bros ... Pat Trippere ...
Linda Blazem ... Stan Kogsack ... Stan Bashore
... Gary ... Vivien Burgos ... Alan Gross-

man ... Bill Salada ... Geo. Colombo ... Greg
Smith ... Jas. Prout ... Wm. Chafetz ... Keith
Adams ... Gary Dowd ... Ron Borst ... Alex Kill
... Jean-Claude Romer ... P. Hans Frankfurter
... Uschi Ernsting ... Bob Rosen ... Joann Lomax
son ... Jean Stope Jr. ... Dawn & Lang Vernden
... Les del Reyson ... Gene Ells ... Thad Swift
... and Sammy Davis Jr.



Im-ho-tep the Immortal MUMMY, Universal, 1932.
(Also Ardath Bey.)



Chief Guyasuta in Cecil B. DeMille's UNCONQUERED
(Technicolor), 1947.



Portrait taken in 1942 at the time he was playing
Prof. Billings in THE BOOGIE MAN WILL GET YOU.



Jewel Thief of THE SECRET LIFE OF WALTER MITTY,
1947.



Servant in THE STRANGE DOOR with Chas. Lough-
ton, 1951.



Bateman in THE RAVEN (with Lugosi, Universal,
1935).

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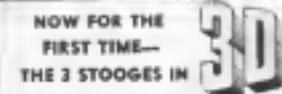
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